

The Storm, the White, the Blizzard

by MidnightKitti22

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Summary: On a journey to find a new dragon species, Hiccup and Toothless come across an island where the sun never shines. Something is lurking beneath the waters of this island that wants them gone, and on top of that dilemma, the mystery dragon is slowly chasing Hiccup and Toothless down, and they both know it.

1. Prologue

****The Storm, the White, the Blizzard****

****By: MidnightKitti22****

****Hi!****

****It's me, and this is my first FanFiction! I'm not exactly a writer, but I love trying!****

****Please enjoy!****

****~MidnightKitti (Mitti)****

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Prologue

Darkness.

That was the surrounding.

The bleak air smelled faintly of salt, and only a soft sigh from the ocean could be heard. Waves smaller than ever before came crawling up to the island, only to be pulled back gently into the calm and quiet sea.

The darkness was not in depths; the billowing cumulus clouds had

blocked out the waxing crescent moon that floated lazily in the sky. Due to this, there were no shadows except for the equally dark one that blanketed the whole island.

Considering the tranquility of the ocean, most places in the ocean would find themselves inhabited by boats, hoping for fish. Rarely was the ocean around this island so relaxed. There were jagged rocks that fanned out for a mile or two in all directions, troubling the sea and disrupting its usually calmer current. So, this night was especially strange; for the ocean had calmed without the charm of the moon or the stars.

The air, despite having a salty flavor, was cool and crisp. It breezed past the pine and spruce trees, and it ruffled the long grass that only lived on part of the island that was not forever plagued in a deep shadow. It was there, in the jade-green stalks of plain grass that a force whisked past.

Through the deepness of the darkness, a full figure could not be made clearly. However, a small flash of light was caught in a circle of stones, already charred from the formerly-kindled fire. A tiny orange flame struggled to find dryness within the few blades of grass that had been tossed upon the fire by the hurrying figure.

As a silhouette from the soon-to-die fire, the figure quickly swept across the island, cloak billowing behind to brush the partially-flattened turf. Within the figure's arms a wicker basket was clutched close. Moving faster than would be expected with a basket of such weight, the figure came closer to the center of the island, where the trees and grass gave way to a stony and sandy purchase underneath. Just ahead only a meter or so, was an uneven slope upward, occasionally too steep to even climb. Here, with the silver mountainside dipping into small halos, some drops of water were collected, there from a night or two ago when the clouds that shielded the navy sky became heavy with rain, and let it loose over the island.

The figure was shaking slightly, and from either the cold or fear could not be determined. Fumbling around within the long cloak, the figure removed the wicker basket from the safety of arms and set it gently down in a dip. Covering the contents of the basket was a thinly-woven blanket, its color unapparent with no light, now that the fire had died.

The figure leaned close to the wicker. Whatever was contained, was clearly meant to stay, for the figure tucked in the blanket on the sides of the basket, an extra confirmation that nothing would escape from the inside. Murmuring a few soft words, maybe of remorse or perhaps anguish, the cloaked figure abruptly stood up and, upon casting one last glance with gleaming eyes upon the precious package, fled back to the beach on which the fire had been lit. Kicking the burnt rocks apart roughly, the figure's eyes spilled over with shimmering tears that were reflected by a single star, which the clouds had generously allowed, that shone faintly, hardly enough light for guidance.

The figure had enough light, however. After one last kick delivered to the pile, which had scattered the last of the ashes, the figure ran over to the shore, where water lapped up at the dry sand. A boat lay in the ocean's wake, tied down by a wooden stake on land. The

figure ripped the stake out of the ground and, tossing it in the boat, climbed inside the sturdy wooden frame. Taking two similar wooden ores in hand, the figure began rowing furiously away from the island.

However, as the boat drifted away, silent sobs could be heard from the wooden structure; clearly the figure was leaving behind something that would be remembered forever.

And, back on the island, the wind blew harder until the blanket complied, drifting away in swirls and landing off in the horizon, immediately soaked by the salty ocean which would soon swallow it forever.

With the blanket gone, the clouds miraculously moved away to reveal the rested moon, which shined brightly upon the contents of the wicker basket. The single star disappeared as the clouds rolled to make room for the moon, after it had insisted on shining down.

Within the wicker basket, curled up so tightly because of the brisk wind that had once again scoured the island, was a small, raggedly-dressed seven-year-old girl, who was very thin from lack of food and whose eyes, when opened, would be a blue so pure they looked as if droplets from the ocean had been picked up and placed within her irises.

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****The end of the prologue!****

****Mitti****

2. Chapter I

****Hello!****

****This is my first FanFiction. Hope it turns out okay!****

****And yes, please review and tell me what you think! It would be greatly appreciated!****

****Mitti****

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****The Storm, the White, the Blizzard****

Chapter I

The morning had arrived.

It had been a common thing before to wake up with the alarm bell ringing, or sounds of shouting while battles raged on relentlessly. Every morning, at least one house would be burnt to the ground, the only evidence that there was ever an inhabited house was the few belongings that could not be burned scattered on the ground. Also, the people that had lived in the house were dejected and sad, even as they had continued on with life and constructed a new house. Mostly

every burning was the time for someone to lose something valuable.

However, five months ago, all of that war and fighting and anguish had disappeared into a healthier, livelier, and friendlier relationship.

And, much to a certain teenager's self-esteem, it was all because of him.

But this morning he definitely wasn't exactly feeling happy about it.

"Ugh!" Hiccup mumbled as the wooden roof overhead creaked and shook, excited purring noises coming from the boards. Setting his freckled face down in his pillow, Hiccup attempted, once again, to get a little more sleep before his morning ride.

Obviously his "ride" had different plans. Impatient growls and scrabbling claws against wood. This was the way to always get Hiccup out of bed. If the claw marks got deep enough, he would surely be punished by Chief Stoick, who also just happened to be Hiccup's father.

"Okay, okay, I'm up," Hiccup said sleepily, blinking his green eyes open; something they protested to greatly. Stretching his arms out, he felt the soreness in his muscles from yesterday's training, which had been brutal after one of the last winter breezes had caught up to them and sent them spiraling down into the forest.

"Them" being Hiccup and -

"Mornin', Toothless," Hiccup said louder. The Night Fury obviously heard him, and his claw marks ceased as a loud _thump_ was heard from the side of the house. Toothless had jumped down to the ground in anticipation.

Grabbing his brown vest from the post on his bed, Hiccup climbed out of bed. He had no need for breakfast; he often ate with the other dragon trainers after practice. Those other dragon trainers included: Snotlout, the annoying big-headed boy who had never exactly been a friend to Hiccup; Fishlegs, the blonde and intelligent rider, whose knowledge of dragons had diminished slightly, due to having to erase all of the "killing tactics"; the twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, who could be annoying and slightly less intelligent than most, but still a help when needed; and, last but certainly not least

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Astrid.

Whenever Hiccup thought about her, he felt very awkward. However, that was only his mind, and himself in reality before peace between dragons and Vikings had been established. When actually training or talking with her, though, he found himself acting like, well, himself. It was not that he did not do this often; now that everyone thought of him as the "teacher" for the dragon academy, Hiccup was grateful for the fact that he could be himself around anyone that he knew. And, that included pretty much everyone on their island of Berk, despite him not knowing some too well.

Hiccup's thoughts about his friends were interrupted by impatient scraps that were being made by Toothless from outside. "I'm coming, bud!" Hiccup replied to him, climbing down the wooden stairs in his house and exiting the big doors.

Outside was certainly a sight.

Only a week ago had the snow begun melting for sure this time. The weather had gotten warmer, and the snow only had a few patches left on the ground. The grass had turned green, and the trees were full of individually-shaped leaves, depending on the tree.

Hiccup had not seen the grass so cleared in almost a year. After the snow, blizzards, and ice, Vikings of all ages seemed to be enjoying themselves in the clearing below. Seeing all of this, Hiccup felt better that everyone seemed to be in an even deeper relationship with their dragons.

Just like Hiccup was about to be closer to his dragon - but, in this sense, quite literally.

Overly excited to see his tired trainer finally come out, Toothless had climbed up the house again, and jumped off the front so he could expertly flip around, despite his balance being wavered with only one tail-wing, and stare at the brown-haired Viking with his intense, yet warm, green eyes.

"Ah!" Hiccup, surprised at his dragon from interrupting his thoughts, jumped as Toothless purred in greeting. "Bud, don't do that, you scared me." Toothless, after catching Hiccup's slight laugh and smile, mimicked the look, his retractable teeth still in, as not to pose as a threat. To Hiccup, though, Toothless hadn't exactly been a "threat" for basically their entire time together.

"Are you ready to go, bud?" An enthusiastic nod from the black-scaled dragon answered Hiccup's question. "Alright, then, let's get your . . ."

Memories came rushing back from the previous day. Hiccup had been riding Toothless with Fishlegs and Astrid, looking for the whereabouts of some dragon-nip that had been mysteriously cut down earlier that week. In the harsh season of winter, if the dragon-nip was cut too early, it would not grow back, which could be a major problem for trainers with a strong-headed dragon, that still needed calming.

A scent trail had been laid, so Meatlug, Stormfly, and Toothless were following it from the sky. As they were following it, a hailstorm became brewing. Now, this was typical weather for the winter-spring change, but it was an unlucky time to have it. While the dragons began desperately looking for shelter, a sharp piece of hail had snapped Toothless' saddle straps enough to make the leather-crafted saddle slip off to the side. Hiccup, who was obviously sitting on the saddle, had followed its lead, causing his prosthetic foot to lose control over Toothless' tail wing. When the dragon began swaying precariously in the sky, Hiccup had fallen off and, being dragged down by thousands of hard ice pieces, had found himself falling through a tree, whose twigs had scraped and bruised his arms and legs.

He had dozed in and out of consciousness for a minute or two, but Fishlegs and Astrid had revived him and brought him, Toothless, and the broken saddle back to Gobber's blacksmith, where he was to repair the saddle while Hiccup rested.

After remembering these events, Hiccup slapped himself in the forehead with a groan. Toothless tilted his head to the side, his floppy ears swaying a second after his action, as if to ask what was wrong. "I left your saddle in Gobber's shop, bud," he recalled. "It needed new straps, after that landing we took yesterday."

In Toothless' mind, all this meant was that their flight would be delayed, once again. Growling impatiently, he jumped up and around in a circle, ripping up the baby blades of grass and scattering them. He had been eager to go, partially because he wanted to make up for the crash that had happened yesterday, and partially because that flight had been in the morning. They had not been up in the sky for a whole of twenty-four hours.

"Alright, bud, alright!" Hiccup said, shielding his face from the flying grass with his thin arms. "We'll go there right now, and then meet up with the others at the academy."

Toothless agreed with that, and soon the likely pair were walking, or, in a dragon's case, jumping around to burn off excess energy, to the blacksmith's, where Hiccup had spend most of his childhood with Gobber. He had been the Gobber's apprentice, put there because there was no other place for him. Now, however, Hiccup was the teacher at the academy; he still enjoyed the blacksmith, though. It was where all his new inventions turned alive.

After what felt like forever in Toothless' head, they reached the blacksmith's. Purring in delight, he jumped into his rider's face once again and smiled his big, toothless smile. Hiccup, whose view of their destination was now blocked, protested, "Hey!" before pushing the black-scaled dragon to the side, but just enough so they were side by side.

"C'mon, bud," he said, leading them into the blacksmith's, where Gobber was already working.

"-And 'ave never -" Gobber broke off from his sentence when Hiccup and Toothless walked in. He was sharpening a rusty-looking sword. "Nice o' you to come by," he said, dropping the sword on the creaky wood table, which squeaked in protest as the heavy weapon was dropped on it. "I assume you two ar lookin' for your saddle?"

"Yes. Were you able to replace the saddle straps?" Hiccup asked worriedly. "I wanted to help -"

"You looked like you 'ad jumped out of the sky. Which, in mah opinun, you did." Gobber rummaged through Hiccup's heap of supplies, which was placed on a much more sturdy table, thanks to the repairs Hiccup had made to it after it had collapsed a while ago. It's wood was fresher, and brought a spruce scent that was mixed with the metal and ash aromas. It hardly budged as Gobber set his heavy hands on it.

"Ah, 'ere they ar," Gobber said, holding up a few finely crafted leather straps. Hiccup's saddle, which was now strapless so it looked

somewhat like a leather board, hung on the wall above his workplace. Grabbing the saddle, Gobber attached them to the saddle, adjusting them to fit around Toothless. After meddling for a few more seconds, Gobber handed the good-as-new saddle back to it's original creator. "Be careful, and don't go jumpin' ou' of the sky."

"I won't," Hiccup promised, then tied the saddle to Toothless. The rest of the equipment needed before flight was also on Hiccup's spruce-wood table, so Hiccup walked back and forth from there to outside, where Toothless was getting even more impatient. Finally, after the sun had gone up at least three to four inches in the sky, the two were ready to take off.

"Are you ready, bud?"

Toothless made a throaty noise in agreement.

"Alright, then, let's go."

Toothless shrank back a bit, winding up, then bursted off on powerful hind legs and spread out his black wings and began soaring happily through the sky, with Hiccup halfway in control. Both were grateful for the brisk wind, but for much different reasons; Toothless, because it felt like freedom, and for Hiccup, it felt like a nice wake-up call and a breath of happiness. They both relished in the air, which was either bitter cold or a cool breeze, well, all year. On Berk, the weather was mostly always cold. They were lucky this year to get the snow melted this early.

There was one more reason, however, that the pair enjoyed getting up early and flying.

The sights.

When Toothless took off, Hiccup could see the whole village waking up and starting the day. It always warmed him when he saw so many with dragons, playing or laughing, or even flying. Vikings here now were not at war; unless, you count "war" as a fight over who got the last small fish, with one side the child and the opposing side the "Terrible Terror" which was not so terrible anymore.

"It's great to think we did all this, eh, bud?" Toothless purred in agreement, his pupils wide in his green irises.

Hiccup smiled. "Are you ready, bud?" After a twitch of the dragon's left ear, Hiccup leaned downward in concentration. "Then let's go."

At first, the two had been flying at a relaxing speed, just getting used to the altitude. Now that they were adjusted to the cold, though, dragon and rider were ready for a more exhilarating adventure, which they were lucky enough to share most mornings.

And, with a swift flap of his wings, Toothless began flying speedily, with Hiccup positioning his prosthetic foot into the saddle's stirrup, which caused Toothless' tail wing to also correct its posture, allowing the dragon to steer and still go at a very fast pace.

Almost unconsciously, the pair began heading upward as well as toward

the ocean. White foam was mixed with the deep blue waves, which were clashing more than usual. It was explained to the duo when the blasts of air hit them; one a tensing cold, the other a breath of warmth. The argument between temperatures was beginning to unsettle the ocean.

"It looks like a storm might be coming," Hiccup commented to his dragon as the two slowed down. The rolling-in stratus clouds looked heavy with rain, and hopefully the soon-to-come downpour would wash away the rest of the snow, making it officially spring.

Toothless purred in agreement, perking his ears up as if he heard something. Hiccup watched intently, wondering if his dragon's keen hearing had perhaps heard something unusual. When his ears were batted back from another harsh cut of cool air, Hiccup passed it as nothing and continued steering Toothless through the chaotic air velocities.

The duo had experienced much worse, but it was not exactly planned as an "average morning". Especially after the beat-up from yesterday's hail storm, Hiccup had decided to call it a morning. "Ready to head back, bud?"

Toothless made a deep growling sound, as to agree. This warm-cold battle was sure to last for a few hours, then maybe calm down a bit. "Don't worry, bud, we'll go out flying again later."

As the Night Fury was steered toward the shore and began flying swiftly as to get away from the dicey weather. It took them a little longer to get back to the dragon academy, because of the gust of wind that occasionally blew the two off course. When Hiccup had arrived, everyone was there, waiting for him.

"Hey, Hiccup!" Said a cheerful voice. Hiccup turned to see Toothless' big black head, and leaned to the right so he could see who had spoken. Fishlegs, alongside his Meatlug, was waving. "Were you out in that storm?" the big teen asked.

"Yeah. The air currents are fighting," Hiccup explained. He turned back to everyone else, who seemed to be awaiting what he had in store for the academy today. "No flying today," he reported. "At least, outside of the island. The wind is too strong. In the meantime, we still need to catch the dragon-nip thief."

"I heard you guys lost the trail," Snotlout said. "I would've easily found it."

Astrid rolled her eyes, crossing her arms. "Hiccup fell out of the sky. We didn't lose it; we came back to get him here."

Hiccup shrugged apologetically, and Fishlegs nodded in understanding. The twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, just smirked to themselves and began joking about anyone else they'd known that had fallen out of the sky - so, pretty much everyone.

"Whatever," Snotlout scoffed. "Are we, or I, going to find the dragon-nip thief?"

Astrid, who had just about been done with Snotlout's escalating ego, uncrossed her arms and punched him in the arm, with him protesting,

"Ow!" loudly.

"Yes, we're going," Hiccup said, climbing aboard his black-scaled friend. "But no doing anything reckless or stupid - and you know who you are."

The twins never listened, so why would they now? Ruffnut and Tuffnut were still joking about when Astrid had been thrown off Stormfly after Hiccup and Toothless had tried to injure up the Red Death.

Smirking, Astrid boarded her Nadder, commenting, "You know you're never gonna get through to them."

Sighing, Hiccup said helplessly, "I've got to try, don't I?"

Snotlout, climbing onto Hookfang, said, "Let's go!" And zoomed out of the academy entrance before the other riders could protest. Ruffnut and Tuffnut, getting buffeted by Hookfang's wings, began saddling up their dragons, Barf and Belch; who, in fact, shared the same body.

As soon as the other four were ready, Hiccup motioned for Toothless to dash to the entrance. Happy to be out and exercising, Toothless purred and raced to the sky, where he spread his black-scaled wings and began soaring up to the murky-colored clouds. Wind blasted in Hiccup's ears, making him shout his orders to the others just for himself to hear them.

"We need to pick up on our trail we had yesterday," Hiccup yelled, hoping his voice was drifting back. "Astrid, you lead, I can't remember where we were." The blonde teen nodded, quickening Stormfly's pace until she was a few yards in front of Toothless. Scanning the forest that was rapidly approaching below them, she pointed off into the distance.

With the wind blasting in his face, Hiccup felt his lungs begin to lose the air that moved much too fast. Taking huge gulps in an attempt to stay breathing, his eyes followed Astrid and Stormfly as they moved about the sky, trying to find where they had left off. No one knew where Snotlout had gone, but then again, no one really cared.

Hearing commotion behind him, Hiccup glanced at Ruffnut and Tuffnut, who were attempting to push each other off their dragons. Only half wanting to intercept, Hiccup glanced at Fishlegs, whose eyes said, 'Alright, yeah, I'll break it up'. While the teen Viking steered Meatlug over to the others, Hiccup turned back around to see that Astrid was now much far ahead of them. Pushing Toothless a little faster, Hiccup wondered if Astrid was trying to compete. It would fit her personality, but then again, if the others lost her, they would have to spend a while trying to find each other again.

After several minutes more of flying, Astrid suddenly glanced back at the other riders, then swooped down to the forest. Hastily following, Hiccup turned Toothless downward.

"C'mon, bud!" Hiccup yelled, and Toothless made a low sound from his throat, beginning to tuck his wings close so as to drop faster. With

Ruffnut, Tuffnut, and Fishlegs tagging behind, Astrid and Hiccup soon became side-by-side on their descending dragons.

When the trees got closer, Toothless spread out his wings for a jerking stop. Astrid and Stormfly stopped in a more lengthy fashion; wings slowly spreading out, the duo completely stopped only when Stormfly's clawed feet touched the earth. Jumping to the ground, Astrid looked up at Hiccup and smirked. "Pretty nice landing, huh?" she asked smugly. Hiccup only rolled his eyes.

"Wonderful," he said, dropping Toothless down to the soil. Fishlegs followed, and the chaotic twins landed in a way that could be described as "crashing". Eyes rolling around, Ruffnut groaned while Tuffnut stood up unsteadily, soon to fall down again.

"Okay, so where did the trail end?" Hiccup asked the others. When Fishlegs pointed to the ground, where Meatlug was quickly waddling over to. Looking closely, the boy realized that a few pieces of dragon-nip lay down on the ground. Barf and Belch walked over as well, smelling its enticing scent to dragons. Toothless, being the farthest away, could not smell anything, but Stormfly looked a little off of focus because of it's aroma.

"What direction is it headed?"

"North," Astrid replied, gesturing vaguely toward a group of pine trees. "We were headed that way before you fell."

Hiccup groaned. "Can we please forget that ever happened?"

"Nope," Ruffnut said, grinning idiotically, snapping out of her daze; also making Hiccup inwardly groan once again. When you wanted the twins to learn, they learned nothing; when you wanted them to forget, they never did.

Soon the conversation died, as the five began heading northward, toward the trail. The dragons led them; every time a new piece appeared, all of their pupils became dilated and they succumbed to feeling light-headed and giddy. Every time the dragons went off to Wonderland, the Viking teens knew they were headed the right way.

Snotlout was still nowhere to be seen. Occasionally Fishlegs or one of the twins would ask, "Should we go look for Snotlout?" But Astrid had always nonchalantly replied, "Nah, let him crash into the cliffside." Hiccup, honestly not against the idea, just let them discuss whether Snotlout was of actual importance. The defense that he was happened to be: "Who else is going to be annoying and full of himself?" Of course, that theory was led by Tuffnut.

"Let's stay focused, guys," Hiccup reminded them. "I think we're getting close to the thief's stash; look at your dragons." Indeed, the dragons had all begun to wobble, despite their attempts to stay focused. Toothless's paws dragged tiredly, and he groaned at Hiccup when they pushed onward.

"Stormfly?" Astrid was trying to coax her dragon forward, with success but complaints from the dragon. Soon, Hiccup decided it be best to leave the dragons.

"I think the dragons need a nap," he explained after announcing his idea. "Besides, the stash seems like a big one. After all, the thief's been stealing for over two weeks."

Astrid nodded, while Fishlegs turned to Meatlug in the attempt to have her settle down. All dragons did gratefully, whether being coaxed or without even being told. It was a relief to all of the Vikings' scaled friends.

"Alright then, let's go," Hiccup said, following the trail. Astrid fell in step beside him, while Fishlegs trailed a few feet. The twins were sometimes in front of the threesome, sometimes behind; fighting while banging their helmets together sometimes made them lose sense of direction.

The five continued on, despite Ruffnut and Tuffnut's "clashes". The sun was directly above them, indicating that it was around noon. Despite the sun's rays, however, the air on the island felt slightly chilled. A breeze blew past, taking the dancing leaves with it. The shade from trees above didn't exactly help either.

Just when the twins had stopped fighting for a moment of peace, Hiccup had glanced behind to make sure they had not fallen in a hole or something that had caused them to stop talking/shouting. However, there was irony in that gesture; as Astrid abruptly stopped and took a sudden step back, Hiccup only had time to look at her, confused, until he realized that he was the one who was going to fall into a hole.

"Aah!" Hiccup shouted in surprise as he tumbled down a rather steep declining tunnel. Disoriented but glad the ride had ended, the boy yelled, "Astrid? Fishlegs?"

"We're up here!" Came the reply from the blonde. Looking up and gaining focus again, Hiccup saw his friends quite a few feet above him. Groaning, Hiccup asked them; "Did I fall down a tunnel again?" Since, because it always happened to him, for some reason, he had always tumbled down the hills or whatever was willing to snag his prosthetic foot.

"Yep," Tuffnut said, sniggering.

Fishlegs rolled his eyes, then yelled, "Are you okay?"

"I will be," Hiccup responded, standing up and wincing. "What is this, anyway . . ." Trailing off, Hiccup turned to see the cave looming up right behind him. Stuttering for a moment in shock, Hiccup's green eyes opened wide at the gaping tunnel. "Uh, guys?" he asked the other Vikings. "Do you think we've found the cave?"

Fishlegs gulped loud enough for Hiccup to hear. "Um . . ."

"Yes!" Tuffnut exclaimed, giving his sister a high-five, but then was faced with another problem. "How do we get down there?"

Astrid was willing to answer that without words. Walking away from the hole, she came up behind Tuffnut and roughly pushed him. Not ready for it, the blonde boy fell down into the entrance to the dark cave, similar to Hiccup's fashion of falling except with more

flailing arms and legs.

More gracefully and skillfully, Astrid followed. Ruffnut rolled over a few times but regained balance after jumping in, while Fishlegs still looked uncertain about going in whatsoever.

"C'mon, Fishlegs!" Hiccup called. "It's not far."

Not seeming to happy about it, the Viking boy also skidded down to the bottom of the hole. Brushing dirt off of himself, he seemed disgruntled, to say the very least.

"Now that we're all here, let's go," Astrid said, willing to lead through the evil-looking tunnel. Complying to her leadership, Hiccup fell in step a few paces behind her. Tuffnut followed, and then Ruffnut, and lastly Fishlegs, who was muttering to himself in an attempt to stay calm.

The cave was very dark. Only the light from the outside world kept them seeing one another's silhouette. After a while it was getting dark enough for any of them to even see each other, except for when they turned toward the beginning of the cave.

"Uh, Astrid?" Everyone turned around to look at Fishlegs' shadowy figure. "Could we maybe stop and look for torches before going in there?"

Astrid frowned, not that anyone could see. "We've come this far. If you wanna turn back, be my guest." Intending this for everyone who wished to go, Astrid had openly invited the fact that she was not going to rest until she found the dragon-nip thief. Quick, scurrying footsteps could be heard as Fishlegs turned around to go back to Meatlug. However, Hiccup thought, he might have trouble trying to get over the cave's entrance walls.

Astrid turned toward the other three. "Let's go, then," she said, leading the way into the intimidating tunnel. The twins had been snickering at some "funny" joke, but even they were silent as they crept behind Hiccup, who silently followed Astrid.

Finally, when it seemed like they should hit the end of the cave any second, Hiccup noticed a faint glimmer of light ahead. Astrid's silhouette was clearer somehow, and turning back, he realized it was the same with the twins.

"Light!" Ruffnut had called it out first, and she stumbled around the other three and began running. Following his sister, Tuffnut shouted, "Wait for me!"

Hiccup groaned. "When will they understand that you _shouldn't_ go running into a possible danger?" Astrid turned around and fell in step with Hiccup, her blue eyes amused. As the two friends walked along, faster now in anticipation, they heard the twins exclaiming something happily.

"Well, it's probably fine," Hiccup commented. Astrid, excitement lighting her face, raced ahead as well to where the light was shining. It was getting lighter, and Hiccup could see Astrid as she ran down the tunnel excitedly, until she turned down the cave pathway. Knowing it was a bad idea to split up, Hiccup began

stumbling after her.

"Astrid, wait!" Obviously the blonde Viking could not hear. Turning around the curve of the earth, Hiccup was about to keep running until he realized he was face-to-face with the cave wall.

The turn had been very short, and turned a mere second after the first. Rubbing his hurting forehead, Hiccup decided to be more careful as he took the second turn. This time, though, there was no wall of earth right in front of him; now, there was a wide, low room of dimly lit torches and dragon-nip.

And a lot of it.

The twins were joking around with the dragon-nip, while Astrid was inspecting through the piles, looking for somebody (or something). When Hiccup came within her peripheral vision, she looked up and shrugged.

"Haven't found anything, except for the dragon-nip," she said as Hiccup came by her to an unusually large pile of dragon-nip (but then again, all the piles were a bit oddly large). "I thought something might be hiding in one of these piles."

"That's a good chance." Hiccup spread out the dragon-nip as much as possible, but when the duo got to the earth ground all there was was dragon-nip floating gently down. While the both sighed and began looking for another pile to rummage within, Tuffnut yelled, "Look! A dragon!"

Whipping their heads around to the entrance, Hiccup and Astrid had saw that Tuffnut was, indeed, correct. A "Terrible" Terror was in their vision, it's eyes spinning hazily and it's feet stumbling, similar to how Toothless and the other dragons had been acting before they reached the entire cave. The small green dragon hardly noticed them; it was too lulled by the dragon-nip's scent. It didn't help the Terror that a big bushel was hanging from its mouth.

"We found the thief!" Astrid said, approached the Terror and picking it up. "Quite a small thief, and not what I was expecting -"

"But we found him either way," Hiccup pointed out. "C'mon, let's grab some of this dragon-nip to keep him dazed, so he won't try to run away."

Astrid, who was holding the tiny dragon in a strong grip, just watched the other three as they walked over to the few piles of dragon-nip (most was scattered on the ground by now) and shoved their arms in. Ruffnut sneezed, while Tuffnut snickered, but fortunately quiet enough for his sister not to hear, while Hiccup turned his head as a bit of dust came up from the week-old dragon-nip. After keeping his pile in his arms for a few seconds, it suddenly slipped from his grasp, as if it was covered in grease. Confused, Hiccup was about to attempt to figure it out when he saw the others waiting for him, some impatiently.

"Go on ahead," Hiccup said distractedly. "I'll catch up with you." The twins weren't about to be told twice, and they disappeared into the dark cave. Soon an "Ow!" echoed back to the last two Vikings; Tuffnut had run into the wall.

Astrid looked at Hiccup for a moment longer, then said, "Don't be long." Without another farewell, she, too, disappeared.

Investigating his pile, the brown-haired boy threw aside handfuls of dragon-nip, inspecting a few for any grease or oil. When none was found, he delved deeper into his armful, only to realize that the brown stalks of dragon-nip were sticking to his hands.

"Wha . . .?" Confused, Hiccup brushed off the sticky stalks, and carefully dissected his pile without having anything stick. When he got near the bottom, he found a big blob of black stuff.

Ink.

The blob looked more like a book, really, but it was drenched and still drying in ink. Picking it up (and immediately getting sticky and watery hands), Hiccup tried to wipe off a bit of the cover. When that came to no avail, he tried opening it. Taking each side of the cover, front and back, Hiccup pulled.

After a few seconds, a big smacking sound was heard, and soon the brittle pages of the book were opened. The writing was the same Berk used, so Hiccup scanned the pages.

"_Dragon: UnderIce._ UnderIce?" He repeated, crinkling up his nose in confusion.

"_Ability: Holding breath underwater for long periods of time._ Oh, so it doesn't breathe water. _Summary: The UnderIce dragon is scaled white, but it can occasionally turn to a pale color, similar to the sea floor." _Reading aloud, Hiccup got more and more confused by each passing word.

"_The UnderIce dragon is an unknown shape. It is said to be long descendants of the Night Fury, the offspring of Lightning and Death itself." _Clearly this book had not been updated on Berk. _"It's eyes are said to be petrifying as a myth, but more testimonies have answered to the shockingly silver eyes of the dragon makes you freeze." _

"_This dragon is known to live within the ocean and fog, where it is less capable of being seen." _Wishing he could see one, Hiccup wondered why none had ever been seen on Berk. As he scanned the page for something else he could read without the page breaking, he noticed one last sentence at the very bottom of the page.

"_Rarity: Extreme." _

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****First Chapter is up! Tell me what you think!****

****Thank you!****

****Mitti ****

****YAY! Second chapter!****

****Oh my I feel so loved by the reviews! Thank you all!****

****Mitti****

**** - Å§ - - ****

****The Storm, the White, the Blizzard****

Chapter II

"What do you think, bud?"

Toothless, who had been sleepily listening to his rider, grunted in a tired manner. Hiccup was sitting down on the wood floor, next to the fireplace, while Toothless curled up beside him, obviously exhausted and not wanting to hear Hiccup's confusion.

"That doesn't really help," Hiccup said, looking back at the Book of Dragons. He had scoured the whole book once more in hope of finding a dragon that could be connected to the UnderIce dragon; however, he had only found the dragons that breathed water entirely. He found a few that only lived in water while breathing air; these, however, had no connection to ice whatsoever. Besides, they all had much different names.

The inky book had noted a connection to Night Furies, but Hiccup had read with disappointment that it was a long-distance relationship, and that the only thing honestly connecting them was a possible look-alike. This book was written before Hiccup had befriended Toothless, so it could not even sketch a Night Fury for comparison to the shy dragon.

Groaning, Hiccup turned to the latest page in the Book of Dragons. He had written in at the top "UNDERICE", while adding any information he could find or conclude. He hated guessing, but at this point there really wasn't another option. He had also put a crude drawing of a Night Fury, but then added as notes, "May look slightly different" and "Has white scales, and can turn tan-colored". He also put at the bottom, "Has silver eyes". Hiccup himself did not quite know why he added that, but since the book had stressed over it so much he decided to jot it in.

"Bud, do you think if we found an UnderIce dragon, you might be friends with it?" To which the freckled boy got an annoyed growl from his dragon, who was trying to drift off into sleep, despite being rather warm by the fire.

"Okay, okay, I'll let you sleep," Hiccup murmured, going back to his reading. That UnderIce book had stated, "This dragon is known to live within the ocean and fog, where it is less capable of being seen". Hiccup had mulled over that in his mind dozens of times, each time coming to the conclusion that "an UnderIce dragon would live in the north part of the ocean". The north part, at least on Berk maps, was where the great fog stayed year round and where the Dragon's Nest had been. This conclusion had led to another question, one that was keeping Hiccup up at this late hour annoyed and confused.

Where in the fog?

The book had given no hints. It had only said "the fog". That was not very descriptive, in Hiccup's mind. He wanted to find this new dragon for two reasons; one, because he's Hiccup, and he loves dragons; and two, because this might be one of the very few relatives Toothless might ever have. Despite his dragon's nonchalance about the whole discovery, Hiccup had wanted to find this dragon to make his dragon feel less alone.

Hiccup, feeling a prick of guilt, had not yet told his friends about the possibility of finding a new dragon. With the way this book was written, it was clear that finding an UnderIce dragon would most likely take many days, searching within the fog, minus however much time would be spent getting lost within the misty-white fa ade.

The brown-haired boy had put the book back into his armful of dragon-nip, after wiping all the ink off so it would not pull down the grass-like plant again, and exited the cave, reporting that nothing was wrong, and that he only had sweaty hands from being inside the slightly humid cave. The Viking teens had not suspected a thing, except for maybe Astrid. She had eyed Hiccup several times on their walk back (the dragons were far too woozy to fly, thanks to the piles of dragon-nip they and their riders were carrying), but had not spoken to him or questioned him in any unusual way.

They had also found Snotlout, drilling Hookfang hard in the forest. When Snotlout had realized the others had caught the thief, he had followed them, sulking and occasionally commenting on how he would have done it much faster. He was ignored, except by the twins, who kept teasing him, as the eleven (including dragons; Barf and Belch being one) made their way back to the academy. It had been a few hours after noon, so the gang had eaten lunch before doing some practice flying to train and learn how to control the dragons with blasting winds out on the ocean. Afterwards, dragons and riders worn out, they had all bid each other goodnight and set off toward their homes. Of course, they had to take the dragon-nip back down to the field that was full of it, but that was not a very difficult task. And now, after a full-day of investigating, thinking, and riding, Hiccup was sitting down on a hard wood floor, nearly falling over in exhaustion.

Toothless was now breathing slowly and gently; he had, as a relief to him, dozed off. Hiccup felt distracted by Toothless's sleep, for he, too, wanted to fall asleep. The only thing that kept him awake was the questions swarming his head.

Where in the fog could an UnderIce dragon be?

Resorting back to the ink-covered book, Hiccup once again tried to pry open the other pages with little success. There were many more pages, but the ink was like superglue the way it stuck. Hiccup had managed to get one page open, but it was blank, to his bitter disappointment.

Sighing in failure, Hiccup set down the book. He had scraped off the ink on the cover with a few tools from Gobber's blacksmith, and had seen no words, no insignia, no nothing. This did not help him feel any better.

Deciding to call it a night, Hiccup set both the Book of Dragons and the Ink Book down, and was loud enough to make Toothless's green eyes open in slits. Lifting his black head, Toothless set his eyes on his rider, who said, "Alright, bud, let's get you outside."

Purring in relief, Toothless jumped up and scurried over to the door. Hiccup opened them, and with aching wings, Toothless jumped around a few times, spreading out his wings and tail-wings in joy of fresh air. The cool air bit into Hiccup's skin, so he quickly said goodnight to Toothless and shut the heavy wood door. After doing so, the green-eyed boy yawned and picked up the two books to carry to his upstairs room. Stumbling on the stairs, it took Hiccup an exasperatingly long time in his sleepy mind to actually crawl into his bed. Taking off his vest and hanging it over the bedpost, Hiccup rested his head against the pillow and fell asleep almost instantly, to dream about the day he met Toothless and somehow met an UnderIce dragon as well. He was to forget this dream by tomorrow morning.

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"Hiccup!"

Hiccup snapped out of his gaze and turned back to his fellow dragon rider. "Sorry, what?" he apologized, knowing that Astrid's scathing stare was impatient and fed up with his distant behavior. He could not help it; he had been thinking about the UnderIce dragon all morning, and despite having cold air shoved down his lungs and pressed into his eyes, he was still slightly mystified by the mystery of the white-scaled dragon.

"I said, do you want to go flying this afternoon?" Astrid repeated herself. "You said yourself the winds've calmed down."

"Oh yeah, sure, that'd be great!" Hiccup said, turning back to the piles of dragon-nip that were outside the cave. Since the dragons had been handicapped because of it, the riders had taken the responsibility of moving all the dragon-nip back to it's field, albeit most of it was dead. However, since any dragon could stumble upon the cave and become stupefied by it's scent, Hiccup had decided that all dragon-nip should stay where the inhabitants of the island know where it is.

The small Terrible Terror was now the pet dragon of a little girl, her name which Hiccup could never remember for the life of him. It had "Suzy" in it, and he comforted himself with this little knowledge. It was still in swing of stealing, but the girl had found ways to straighten him out.

"Great," Astrid echoed, dropping her pile of dead grass-like nip. "Now will you tell me what's going on now, or while flying?"

Hiccup tensed up for a minute, but he ridiculed himself for a moment, feeling very unintelligent for not preparing a good excuse for his behavior to Astrid. The blonde seemed to notice everything.

Deciding that he might be able to confide his secret with her, he said, "You know how I stayed behind in the cave because something was in my dragon-nip?"

"Yes," Astrid said, shifting her weight from one leg to the other.

"Well, I sorta found a book inside that wrote about a new dragon."

Astrid's blue eyes lit up in excitement. She, too, was just as enthusiastic about finding a new dragon as Hiccup was. "Really? Can we find it somewhere close?"

Laughing nervously for a moment, Hiccup said, "Well, yes . . . And no. This dragon lives in the ocean and in fog, so I'd assume _"

"Northward?"

Hiccup nodded in confirmation. "But, this dragon is supposed to be very rare and hardly shows itself. Based on the information, about no one really knowing much about it, I think it probably has a wilder nature."

Astrid scoffed, picking up an armful of dragon-nip once more. "Please. The Red Death had a 'wilder nature' but you defeated it, didn't you? Taming this kind of dragon should be no problem."

"I'm just wondering how the dragon could be found," Hiccup said, mimicking her action until they were both walking toward the dragon-nip field. "It might take days just to find hints of the dragon, and even then . . ." Trailing off, Hiccup wondered if he should tell her about his plan to go and find an UnderIce dragon. She would probably want to come with, and that would make all the others come as well. That would most likely end in a disastrous way.

Astrid nodded, clearly thinking Hiccup had only stopped talking because he was mulling over the difficulty of finding this dragon. "Do you know what it's called?"

"The dragon?" When the blonde Viking nodded, Hiccup said, "Yeah, it was at the top of the page. The dragon is called the 'UnderIce' dragon."

"UnderIce?" Astrid repeated. "What kinda name is that for a dragon?"

"Well, the dragon can swim underneath ice for a while; the book did say that it could hold its breath for a long time."

Astrid thought about the name once more, biting her lip as she did so. "I guess. At least it doesn't have a danger-foreseeing word in its name." Hiccup had to agree with her there. There was the _Deadly_ Nadder, _Hideous_ _Zippleback_, _Monstrous_ _Nightmare_, the _Terrible_ Terror (although the two latter's names had two "evil" words inside their names) and the Night _Fury_. With "Under" and "Ice", there wasn't too much of a negative vibe.

Hiccup murmured noncommittally. As the duo walked on, they met Fishlegs, who was walking back to carry more dragon-nip. He looked thoroughly exhausted.

"You okay there, Fishlegs?" Hiccup asked, while the teen gasped for

air. "You look a little overworked. Maybe you should take a break."

Whether he had been overworking or not, Fishlegs shot him a grateful look. "Thank you," he said, before walking much more leisurely into another random direction, probably to call Meatlug away from the dragon-nip trail.

"He needs to get more exercise," Astrid muttered to herself, while Hiccup just ignored her comment. Changing the subject, he said, "So, where do you want to go flying?"

"Oh, I don't really care," Astrid waved off the question. "I do wanna know more about this UnderIce dragon. You up to instead going to tell me more about it?"

"Sure," Hiccup said almost automatically. Although maybe he couldn't find some of the puzzles attacking his brain, maybe Astrid could. Two minds working together was better than a sleepy mind working alone.

Astrid smiled. "Great. I'll come by you're house after dinner." With that, the two lapsed into a comfortable silence until they reached the dragon-nip field, where the emptied their armfuls and went back for another one.

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"So the book won't open any more."

"Yes," Hiccup affirmed to his friend, handing her the book. The two were sitting on the floor of Hiccup's house. "It's been covered in ink for who-knows-how-long and I can't open it." He decided not to say that he knew he wasn't all that strong, but with a hint of embarrassment he understood that Astrid knew that. Her eyes were scanning the book closely, looking for any detail, and slip-up, any sliver of page that could possibly allow entrance. After looking it over several times, with Hiccup watching her, she sighed.

"There aren't any openings," Astrid said, but it was not said with defeat nor disappointment. Taking the front cover and the back cover in each of her hands, she said, "So I'll have to make one."

As she yanked the book apart, the normal opening flushed open, a few crinkling noises telling them that she had ripped a few pages somewhere. Taking the front half that was unopened from its ink seal, Astrid once again tried to pry open the book. She, being much stronger than the former attempter, was able to open it. The book made a snapping noise, then a few shimmers of dry pages were heard. Eyes shining with pride, the blue-eyed girl turned to Hiccup, whose eyes had alit with excitement. "How's that?"

Hiccup took the book into his hands. The page which Astrid had opened was near the front, and the page was brittle and crinkled at the edges. The first words that hit him were very strange ones indeed. "LINUM USITATISSIMUM" was written in bold wording across the top of the left page. Immediately thinking of "linen", due to the first word, Hiccup scoured the page, seeing a detailed sketch of a five-petaled plant with merging petals that was labeled as an "indigo-blue" color on the sidelines of the drawing. Seeing a brief

description at the bottom, Hiccup guessed, "Is this about flax?"

Astrid had leaned over to see the page, and studied its blurred words. "I think so, but I can hardly read that," she remarked. "Can you?"

Hiccup squinted. This book had obviously been through a lot; some words were smeared, others wet, and a few covered in the abundant ink. Speaking slowly and processing every few letters that appeared, the brown-haired boy said, "_Linum Usitatissimum, _ I think, there isn't another super long word that starts with a 'u', _also . . . _erm, _flax, is a . . ."_ Scanning the page, Hiccup decided that Astrid could see as much as he could, and began reading it mentally, staring down at the abused page.

_Linum us . . a . . . s . . . m, also kn a . flax, is a ve .
. go . d ma l . or maki . g cloth. Its cl . . h is scrat .
hy and of . . n ir s . in. The . lowers . r . a b . u .
sh col . r, . . t th . stal . s are . . . t a . e wov . . to make lin
. n. _

Hiccup turned to Astrid, confusion dancing across both of their faces. They understood a few words, but it would obviously be no easy task to figure all of the mixed words out.

Astrid shook her head, loose bangs swaying. "Let's figure that out another day. Let me see if I can open to another page."

Obediently handing the old book over, Hiccup felt his head begin to ache slightly at all the questions swarming. If there was an article about a rare dragon, why would there be a page about flax, of all things? "Don't try opening before that," Hiccup said to his blonde friend. "The beginning is probably all about plants."

Agreeing silently with him, Astrid moved toward the middle of the book, between "flax" and "the UnderIce". Starting to crack the ink, Astrid smirked in pride as the book, once again, flew open in a shatter. This time, however, the book wasn't so strong.

Two thick pages, brittle from apparently being soaked then dried multiple times, broke into dozens of tiny pieces, words scattered on them. Groaning, Hiccup took a handful. One had the words, "_the dark f"_ while another said, "_intere"_. Whether they were connected whatsoever, Hiccup knew that these pages could not be fixed. Looking up, he saw Astrid shrug apologetically.

"Well, most of this book was bound to break anyway," she said, taking the book back in her hands. "But at least we can see what is on the pages on either side of them."

Hiccup, realizing this also, was relieved that they got at least something good out of the irking event that was bound to happen if they tried opening the stubborn book again. Leaning over to Astrid, who had spread out her legs straight due to her cramping feet, he saw that the two pages were not connected. The one on the left had a very detailed description and map of a constellation in the stars, something looking like a big and clumsy "W", while the other page was also a sketch, but one that made Astrid and Hiccup look at one another in confusion.

A teenage boy, maybe fifteen or so, was in the left side of the drawing. He was obviously not the brawny type; rather, he was someone with a stature like Hiccup. He was holding out a small flower, a rose, it looked like, to a girl with long hair sitting on a long wooden bench. The girl was blushing immensely, but seemed pleased at this small act of somewhat courtship. In the background of the romantic scene there was a rushing creek and several lushly-drawn trees. Overall, the drawing was very well-done and pretty.

"So, what does this have to do with anything?" Astrid asked Hiccup as he looked closely at the sketch, searching the page for anything hidden or out-of-the-ordinary. After an overall futile look, Hiccup said, "I have no clue. But then again, what does anything else have to do with the UnderIce dragon? There was a plant, a dragon, a star map, and a picture. It seems like this book is just full of completely random notes."

Astrid took the book out of Hiccup's hands and squinted at the picture, holding it a few inches away from her nose. "You know, if that boy was wearing different clothing and had freckles, he would look a lot like you," she commented, tilting the book so he could see. Hiccup looked at the peculiar picture, frowning when he realized Astrid was right. The boy wasn't that hard to compare to himself.

"That's only slightly unsettling," Hiccup commented, blinking a few times.

Astrid gazed at the picture for a minute longer, then said, "Yeah. Anyway, I think I can say that this book is full of weird things." To which after Hiccup nodded, the blonde set the book down, stood up, and stretched. "Well, I think I'll go home. It's almost sundown," she said. "I'll see you tomorrow?"

Hiccup, picking up the book and rose as well. "Okay, see you tomorrow," he said, and soon Astrid had walked toward the door of Hiccup's house, waved to him, and then exited, to go back to her own home.

Slumping back down to the ground in frustration, Hiccup said, "Why did this book have to be so confusing?" Annoyed with it, he tried to open to the next heavy-weighted page beyond the two-person sketch. When nothing happened, Hiccup pulled harder as he heard thumps on the roof. After seeing Astrid leave, Toothless had wondered if his rider would finally come out and play.

"Just a sec, bud," Hiccup called, receiving bored groaning and a big thump, indicating that Toothless had lain down on the roof. Looking back at the book, he closed it and gazed at the back cover.

Being covered in dried ink, he only saw lumps of black. Wishing suddenly for all of it to be off and gone, Hiccup took his fingernails and began scraping off the ink. Why he was doing this, he had only a faint clue; to get rid of it all, and to uncover its mind-twisting and annoying mysteries. He started in the top right corner, and after working for a few minutes he cleared a small space where he saw the leather covering.

But, looking closer, he saw something else.

Engraved in the leather with what seemed like a sharp knife, Hiccup ran his bleeding (from scraping the ink off) finger over the words. Written in stiff lines, no curves anywhere, were the two simple words:

****TRUST INSTINCTS****

Blinking in confusion, Hiccup said aloud, "Okay, so what are my instincts about this book?"

It was instantaneous, the way his mind worked. The answer came rushing upon him like a river that had been trapped behind a boulder, and the boulder was somehow removed. Looking rapidly up and down to the engraved words, Hiccup knew his instincts.

To drop everything and go find a new species of dragons.

The book's author, whoever that may be, was urging him to go look for this UnderIce dragon. Leave everything, minus his black-scaled friend, and go find this dragon.

Hiccup let the book drop to the floor as he stood up. "Alright then, I'm going on a journey," he said. The book had told him to trust his instincts, and his mind was telling him that was to find this dragon. Moral of the whole event, really.

Hiccup sighed. Was he really willing to leave his friends, his fellow villagers, his father, the Dragon Academy, just on a journey that could be unsuccessful overall? And have to deal with upset, scared, and angry faces when he returned? _If_ he returned?

Yes.

The brown-haired boy, who, in a familiar blonde's mind, looked like the boy in the sketch, groaned. _I hate the way my mind and instincts work._

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****Hope the ending wasn't a total failure! xD****

****Tell me what you think, please!****

****Mitti****

4. Chapter III

****Thanks for more reviews! They make me feel happy!****

****And since I haven't done it yet:****

****Disclaimer: I DO NOT own How To Train Your Dragon or any characters****

****Please review!****

****Mitti****

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****The Storm, the White, the Blizzard****

Chapter III

All night, Hiccup had been in somewhat consciousness.

Whether "consciousness" fell under the category of half-asleep, dozing with "one eye open", or simply staring up at the creaky wooden ceiling, it had been gripping Hiccup with both hands. And he was exhausted.

The time was close to three o'clock. It was dark outside every time Hiccup got up and checked, in anticipation for sunlight to appear, and over five hours ago the shuddering walls had quieted; Toothless had fallen asleep as well.

Frustrated with his mind, Hiccup groaned and tried to relax and sleep. However, with guilt and nervousness and anticipation building up in him, his stomach was in knots and he occasionally felt that he was to be sick. Over the past three hours Hiccup had given up on falling asleep and had been reviewing the Book of Dragons, just to pass time. He was lucky his father, Stoick, was a heavy sleeper and slept through every noise Hiccup made when moving around the house.

The brown-haired boy had been pacing for the past few minutes; planning everything out in his mind for what felt like the thousandth time, he always came up with a slightly different scenario for the way the story could go. Him being completely successful, him finding nothing, him being punished for disappearing . . .

Okay, so this thinking wasn't exactly helping his insomnia.

Exasperated and on the brink of dizziness from lack of rest, Hiccup muttered to himself about anything that appeared in his mind. So, there wasn't much variety in subjects.

"Maybe there'll be another book," Hiccup muttered almost inaudibly. "And it'll lead me like that ink book did." However, as Hiccup dazedly mulled things over in his head, the chances of that were very very slim. How could he just happen upon another diary-journal-book-whatever that had exactly the same subject as another completely random diary-journal-book-whatever?

This was why thinking wasn't helping.

Trying to think of something else, Hiccup, whose mouth was getting far too tired to continue talking, pushed the UnderIce dragon topic out of his head.

What about the time we defeated the Red Death?

Well, rough subject to be talking about when you're trying to calm down, but at least the story had a happy ending. If it didn't, then he wouldn't be thinking about it at three in the morning and trying to sleep.

We were flying.

It sounded stupid, but at this time Vikings never flew. On dragons or alone (and the latter was and still is impossible). Hiccup, Astrid, Fishlegs, Tuffnut, Ruffnut, and Snotlout were all doing the impossible. Hiccup remembered when Tuffnut had yelled to the shocked Vikings below: "LOOK AT US! WE'RE ON DRAGONS! ALL OF US!" Hiccup had barely heard it, he was trying to figure out on a strategy to take down the Red Death.

And, for some inexplicable reason, as the green-eyed boy began thinking of the strategy he had forged from Fishlegs' help, he fell into a deep sleep that was not to be disturbed until the sun arose.

Strange how some things work in Hiccup's mind.

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"C'mon, bud!"

Despite a very aggravatingly-sleep-deprived night, Hiccup was still ready to urge Toothless to fly faster into the sky. His black-scaled friend complied, and soon the two were speeding as a blur through the outskirts of the island. No one was with them; it was quality time to fly together, with no one else.

Hiccup tried to stop his whirling mind by taking a huge breath that seemed to make his lungs shrink from the force of the air. His eyes began tearing up from the wind, which, despite being warmer, had that early morning chill that seemed bitter no matter what season it was (albeit there were barely even two seasons on Berk; winter and not-so-harsh winter). Squinting against the harsh breeze, Hiccup felt his mind speeding up with questions and no solution.

Oh gods. How long was this paranoia going to last?

Toothless growled in a friendly way to his rider, telling him that there was a hilly incline up ahead. Shifting his prosthetic foot in the gears, Hiccup guided Toothless up and was soon having his dragon skim the tips of the pine trees. The brown-haired boy slowly felt himself begin to enjoy himself once more, finally ignoring all his questions. They could be answered later, couldn't they?

Besides, Hiccup still had to plan a new lesson for the Dragon Academy. Still not sure quite what he was going to do yet, a certain Viking had a lot of planning and conversing to do with his dragon. Toothless always wanted to do something different (whether Hiccup agreed or not) every new day, such as collect dragon-nip, go to the hollow-like place where the duo met, or just fly around the outskirts of the island or smack-dab in the middle of the island, where Vikings waved to the riders above.

It was only dawn. There was a full day ahead for the Vikings. Riding, talking and laughing, exploring if there was time, and finishing the day with a nice meal and an evening flight. As the sun crept fully over the horizon, and the pinks, oranges, and turquoise-blues faded into a simple pastel blue that stretched across the sky, blotched out occasionally by clouds.

It was a new morning. In the duo's eyes as they flew up from the steep land and into the brightening sky, the day might as well have been their first together.

Because it felt that perfect.

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After one day of formulating and calculating and avoiding (people that could figure out his plan, that is), Hiccup finally had a plan.

Sort of.

The day's events had helped. Hiccup overheard Gobber on his way back from Dragon Training saying that they're wouldn't be any night fishing that night (was there any at all? Hiccup wondered). That would mean that no one would see Toothless and him fly out, not that anyone could see a black-scaled dragon in the night anyway, but it was a "safety precaution". Feeling giddy inside, Hiccup had spend the rest of the day mentally packing.

Stoick would notice if his son was packing a bag when he got home, so Hiccup carefully placed everything he needed where his sharp green eyes wouldn't miss them during his "escape".

Yes, it was happening tonight.

Hiccup knew he needed food, water, the Book of Dragons, and the ink-covered book. Thanks to his and Astrid's futile search to find what else was hidden in the book, he had previously had second thoughts about taking it, but he decided that in case the book fell open (okay, so that was just wistful thinking, but still) by hitting a rock or another object that jarred the book enough to open, then he might find some extra information.

When Stoick arrived home, he greeted his son with his usual enthusiasm about telling Hiccup what happened during the day. This particular evening it was about how there was a slight debate between a few Vikings and a nuisance dragon.

"But that dragon was sent back to it's rider," Stoick said in his thick accent. "So, son, how was your day?"

Hiccup shrugged. "Well, Astrid and Snotlout got into a fight, but that's no different than every day," he said, lapsing into a quick silence as he bit into his chicken, which happened to be a bit over-roasted.

Stoick, nodding, ate his full chicken as well. Toothless was the only noise, as he was scrambling up and down the roof shingles. A few times he groaned or growled, but at what, Hiccup and Stoick were not sure of.

It seemed like ages in Hiccup's head, even though it was only twenty minutes until Stoick had retired to sleep. Hiccup said goodnight, then, when he heard his father's loud snores, quickly and clumsily made his way to his room.

Anticipation, guilt, nervousness, and excitement gnawed at the teen's

stomach. The guilt was for leaving all his friends and father behind without even saying anymore than the casual goodbye that was always said after training. The nervousness was: what if he was caught? How would he explain? And, to explain, he had to tell the truth and tell the whole of Berk that he wanted to find a new dragon. Then all the other Riders of the academy would want to go.

And that is how a disaster happens.

The anticipation and excitement spoke for itself. He wanted to find an UnderIce dragon. Besides, he hadn't gone on a journey like this since he had gone with Meatlug, Fishlegs' "prisoner" during Snoggletog so she wouldn't fly away. Hiccup had soiled that plan by accidentally letting Meatlug free, and soon the unlikely pair was on the island where all baby dragons were born.

Hiccup gathered up his things, jumping at every noise he heard from downstairs or outside. Toothless was purring softly, as if to say "okay, I'm awake, but I won't be for long unless you hurry up." Toothless wasn't exactly the kind of dragon you would put under the category of "always patient".

Soon a small rucksack of items needed was slung over Hiccup's shoulder. It wasn't as if he planned to be gone for months; only a week or two. If his search was unsuccessful, he would come back and face all the angry people and explain what really happened.

Creeping down the stairs in a criminal-quiet-like fashion, Hiccup checked to see if his father was sleeping (Stoick was) and he silenced the fire by taking the water jug from the table, as its sole purpose was to put out fires. Afterwards, in the darkness, Hiccup had to grope around to find the door's big metal handle. When he did, he pushed open the door, cringing when it creaked, and made his way into the starry night. The waxing moon was partially hidden by a wisp of clouds, which were also dotting out stars in some places.

Shutting the door, Hiccup whispered, "Toothless?" but got no response. The dragon was either ignoring him or honestly couldn't hear him. Not caring which it was, the brown-haired boy walked around the side of the house to see Toothless' big green eyes shining at him, dazzled by stars. Jumping in surprise, Hiccup said, "Don't do that!" while Toothless only purred in good nature.

"C'mon," Hiccup whispered, toning down his voice so as to not attract attention. As Toothless stealthily jumped down to the grassy ground, Hiccup looked around, using the moon for light. He saw his dragon's saddle and gear, and even the red tail-wing, which looked almost like blood in the dark. The brown-haired boy shivered.

Toothless stayed still while Hiccup retrieved all the equipment and saddled the dragon up. A certain green-eyed boy's heart was pounding, the gods knew why, as he finished getting Toothless ready. Maybe it was fear?

But of what?

Well, that could be answered in several different options. They might never return, an UnderIce or other dragon might try to kill them, he might be caught, or all the villagers of Berk could (actually, will, Hiccup knew that for certain) be furious at him for leaving

without saying anything.

Shaking his head to clear it, Hiccup made sure everything was in his little sack, climbed aboard Toothless's saddle, and said quietly, "Ready, bud?" Toothless, to match his quiet-like tone, grunted lightly in response. Gulping, the teen Viking pushed his prosthetic foot into the gear on Toothless's side.

"Let's go."

Toothless recoiled for momentum, then shot up into the night sky. It was rather cold that particular night, despite there being no frost on the ground whatsoever. Hiccup shivered as the wind, once again, was forced down his lungs and stung his eyes. Toothless liked the idea of finding a distant relative (when he was not sleepy, that is) and flew quickly and stealthily.

The duo had a new journey ahead of them. The trip looked bleak (well, duh, 'cause of all the fog they would have to navigate through) and slightly life-changing, in the sense of a new dragon species. But, this was Toothless and Hiccup. The famous team that changed Berk's lifestyle forever. Don't fight dragons, help them.

As the black-scaled dragon flew off with a boy on his back, they both were unaware of a two-year-old boy staring up at them, sucking one thumb and holding a stuffed lamb with another. His brown eyes widened when he saw the stars dot out, due to the dragon flying. The boy didn't know it was a dragon, though.

A scared-sounding woman called from inside a house. "Tim? Tim! Where are you?!" the boy, hearing his mother call, toddled back inside and forgot all about the bleak-star scenario.

And he wouldn't remember, even when the next morning came and there was a frantic search for a skinny teenage boy.

- - § - -

Sorry it took so long to update. Writer's Block (or whatever it's called) is NOT FUN. Argh.

Thanks for sticking with the story, everyone who's reading!

Mitti

5. Chapter IV

If I owned HTTYD, would I be here right now, typing on a website when I could be making an animated thingy?

Nope.

I don't own HTTYD.

Here's Chapter 4!

Read and enjoy!

****Mitti****

- - § -

"Hey bud, how you holding up?"

A certain black-scaled dragon purred with confirmation of being just fine, making Hiccup feel a little less uncertain. They had been flying for most of the day; it was now the late afternoon. They had entered the foggy part of the ocean about an hour or so ago.

In Hiccup's mind, with hardly anything to do while flying except control Toothless's tail wing, had kept going back to how the fog seemed to be hiding creatures that were ready to pounce on him, whether he and Toothless were up higher or not. He tried to push away this sudden and completely absurd paranoid feeling.

It didn't exactly work.

"Can you smell anything?" Hiccup questioned his dragon. "Anything like another dragon?"

Toothless sniffed loudly for a moment, then looked up at his rider with green eyes that said, "Nothing". The duo was all alone, and they could maybe be said as "lost" during this time. It would never be admitted by either of them throughout this journey, however. Maybe wondering where they were, and maybe thinking that they couldn't find something they had hoped to. Yet they never considered themselves as lost.

Hiccup had decided to make a map. Entering the foggy atmosphere, the green-eyed boy had noted that their starting mark was a tiny island with a lone red pine tree growing on it. The pine certainly looked old and nearing its fallen days, but even so there would be the tree on the ground, or the stump, still there afterwards. It had gone down in a few empty pages Hiccup had torn out of the back of the Book of Dragons, because they could always be replaced.

Hiccup's wood pencil, which always lay within the Book of Dragons, still looked healthy and smelled faintly of spruce wood, or maybe cedar. It's ink that rested at the tip had not quite yet receded to nothingness, and it wouldn't for quite a long time. Hiccup had found, in one of the ink-covered book's pages, that there was fresh ink oozing continuously out of the other dried up pages.

Hiccup helped Toothless avoid a steep rock that appeared in their invisible path through the fog. It materialized quickly, and the two had a narrow few inches from scraping the side. Realizing that it had a strange, jagged peak at the top, the brown-haired boy quickly sketched it onto a sheet of paper, noting at the bottom of the drawing: "Jagged point found about an hour after flying north." At least, he thought it was north.

Toothless made a deep throaty sound as they approached another island, this one being flat. It had sandy beaches and tall grasses that grazed the middle of the island.

"What d'you say, bud, wanna take a look?" Hiccup asked his dragon, who purred in complying.

"Well, then, let's go look for the UnderIce."

- - Â§ - -

Back from the mystical fog that was the hiding place of this so-called UnderIce dragon, and where Hiccup and Toothless were beginning their search upon a sandy beach, was a familiar island.

It's name was Berk.

In all honesty, it was the most populated island for a nice-sized radius. Even more so now, that it had dragons as allies. People on Berk realized how dragons weren't the enemy after the battle with the Red Death, and soon became open to trying a different lifestyle, one that included dragons as everyday life.

Berk had several hundred people. And strong people, at that. They were always ready for a dragon attack before, but now had half-trusted their dragons to keep nightly watches for the safety of their beloved island. Tonight was one of these nights.

Now, the dragon on watch, Lolly, named by a soft-hearted Viking woman named Nia, was a Nadder with slightly more orange-tawny scales that formed jagged stripes along her tail. She had classic teeth for her species, but her scales were tinted indigo as well as the sky-blue that was considered normal. It was rather clear, however, that she was not as old as the rest of the dragons on the island. In fact, she had just been born earlier, during the holiday Snoggletog. Her eyesight was very good, just like all dragons, and Nia had asked her if she would fancy taking the night watch.

Now, these are a few facts about Lolly. She was happy to comply to anything Nia had to say unless they took out something she cherished most: food, water, flight, and light.

There was no light out at this hour.

Lolly had hated the idea of all the torches going out at around midnight. She knew she had to keep watch, but within her dragon mind she wondered how she was supposed to see something if there was no light.

The moon wasn't full, and provided little help. Lolly, being her adventurous and carefree self, had decided there was no harm in flying down to the shoreline and go fishing for a while.

Of course, Lolly being so young, she didn't anticipate her weariness. And didn't fight it when it came after her fishy meal, so the Nadder had promptly curled up and fallen into a deep sleep within minutes of arriving on the shore.

If perhaps Nia had chosen another dragon, one that was not her own, to do the shift, then perhaps the Night Fury would not have been able to get away with flying out in the middle of the night. And maybe the Guard Dragon would have sounded the alarm, which was it's classic call. Nia would have come out of her home, shouting at the figure, waking the whole village after each house produced its own ruckus. And maybe, just maybe the rider of that dragon would have felt guilty enough to turn back.

But, of course, this was not the case.

Not that it was Nia's fault, and not that it was the two-year-old boy's fault either. No, it wasn't anyone's fault. Not even the dragon who had soared off in the night.

Not even the rider, who would soon cause searches that were wide and desperate. It was just how the rider and dragon were created; with a taste for adventure and a hope of all dragons.

And, after a futile attempt to find this brown-haired and scrawny-looking boy, a blonde fifteen-year-old had stared up into the sky and wondered, in all honesty, when he would make it back.

Not why he left, not why he never said goodbye.

But when he would return. Because he would return.

Astrid knew Hiccup enough to understand why he had left. He did tell her about the UnderIce dragon species, after all. She also knew that no matter how many close changes there were, Hiccup would always survive.

And then he would return, with information or not.

The only question left was when.

- - § - -

Hiccup was drifting in and out of consciousness.

The sky had darkened completely for a while now, and the duo was looking for a place to spend the night. Toothless was exhausted from flying, but he was always quick to slap his rider with his ear when that brown-haired rider slumped forward, dozing.

"Wha -?!" Hiccup said, jerking awake. "Sorry, bud."

Toothless groaned in response, as if to say that he was tired also. The sandy island, which had become a new marking point for the trail home, had only housed a few Terrible Terrors, ranging from the colors green to blue to in between. There had been a few wildflowers as well, which Toothless wasted no time in jumping, rolling, and chomping on them, but otherwise there was just grass and sand. And a few rocks.

The two had resumed their search. It had seemed hopeless for that day, but Hiccup understood that a journey like so wouldn't be over in a day. It would take maybe a week, or maybe two. That was as long as Hiccup dared stay away from home, knowing how nervous his friends might be.

And Astrid.

Oh gods. He hadn't put too much thought into the brutality of Astrid's fury. While the village might be angry with him for a few days, she could be irate for weeks. Hiccup knew; it wasn't as if he had always stayed on her "good side" (they weren't friends in the beginning!). She might also be personally hurt that he never said

anything directly to her.

But, hopefully she understood that he _couldn't?_

Or, could he have?

No, she would have surely said something.

But maybe if she understood how important this was for Hiccup, she would have agreed.

And then she would want to come along, Hiccup sighed, speaking mentally. Despite her being stronger than him, he didn't want her to get in trouble or in any danger (but it was most likely going to be vice versa; Hiccup getting into trouble). She might have leaked news out to the other riders, and then soon Hiccup would have what could compare to a flock of crows that would never leave something (or someone, in this metaphor) alone.

And then, of course, Stoick the Vast would know about it.

It was just one explosion after the other.

"I really couldn't have told her," Hiccup decided out loud, confusing his black-scaled friend. Bitter as he felt inside of not, Hiccup pushed those thoughts out of his mind and focused rather on finding an island that could shelter him and his dragon for the night.

That search didn't have to go on for too long.

After several moments, it seemed, a rather tiny island came into view. Toothless started landing immediately, and Hiccup, not willing or having the spirit to argue that it was too small (because he was just as exhausted and did think that the island could be a comfortable place), let him. Much to the relief of both of them, they were soon on the ground, lying down next to each other.

Toothless curved around Hiccup's smaller frame, while Hiccup half-sprawled and half-laid on the grass that was only a few inches taller than his anklebones (or, make that ankle_bone_ and a few inches taller than the metal part of his foot). Tiredness swept over both of their minds, pulling them until they obliged (which they did so in a heartbeat) and soon fell into a deep sleep.

One's dreams were filled with dragon-nip that grew inside a wide hollow holding a lake. Fish swam everywhere and were easy to catch. There were no eels anywhere, and there were no other dragons.

There was a saddle on this dreamer's back, and the gears were all fixed in place. All that was missing was the rider, but he had to tend to his own dreams that he would nurture for countless nights, hardly remembering any.

This rider dreamt about how he had found a dragon that he had shot down and injured. It was also about a blonde teen sharpening her axe with a stone, casting angry glances at him. Once, just before all went black and he remembered no more, her face and expression was sad and full of angst.

She just wanted him home; in both the dream world and the real

world.

But he wouldn't be home for a while.

- - Â§ - -

In his eyes, mornings were supposed to be light.

_ Not that it got lighter, because it did, fog or not. But mornings meant color in the deep sky abyss. Peach, salmon (and a mix, since there practically the same color), orange, yellow, teal, and blue colors all lined the sky in perfectly blended wavy stripes. When he awoke, he would have a full view of the dark navy blue sky in one direction, and the brilliant array of light in the other. By then, his excitement to go up and be apart of the glorious light was very great, and he would demand for his rider to come out to take him._

_ In Toothless's eyes, mornings were the best time of day._

_ But not on this one._

Looking up, the black-scaled dragon was sad to see zero sky lights; rather, he saw fog that was slowly becoming whitish-gray instead of the nightly black. His rider was still sleeping, and was laying against Toothless's side. So as not to disturb him, Toothless stopped moving his body, but rather pivoted his head to look at their surroundings.

The tiny island wasn't that magnificent. Toothless realized that there was another island in view, but it was swampy-like and looked even worse as a sleeping location. The dragon flattened his ears in disgust at the thought of finding that island instead of the one which they were located. The duo would have had a very cold, damp, and unsettled sleep.

Toothless must have moved his wing or leg without noticing, because Hiccup began rousing. Knowing that his rider would want to get started right away, Toothless purred to say; _"You wanna go? Then get up, sleepyhead!"_

- - Â§ - -

Toothless had already been awake when Hiccup woke up. He had been feeling woozy and disoriented from his awkward sleep, but he was able to get Toothless flying once again.

Hiccup felt just as excited as he had been when he discovered the history of the UnderIce dragons. He thought of himself and his dragon as being "close" to a dragon of that species. This might not have been true, but it could always be a motivation for his mind.

"C'mon, bud, let's have some fun," Hiccup said, breaking the glass wall of silence that seemed to forever lurk within the fog. Toothless, feeling rather freaked out by the quiet, agreed.

This happened not once, not twice, but three times that day. The duo began doing flips, making both of their stomachs feel as if they were squeezed tightly for a few moments. Nevertheless, they had fun.

- - Â§ - -

Their journey might be broken into shattered bits that may seem vague, but this was honestly how their trip went. So, being an uneventful trip, it will be mostly skipped.

For the next two days, the duo of Toothless and Hiccup found nothing. They searched islands, even passed Dragon Island where the Red Death used to dictate the other dragons into feeding it. They were not comfortable there whatsoever, and quickly searched and moved on. That did become a landmark for Hiccup's directions.

On the third day of searching, Toothless had become very sad at not finding anything, and had begun to think as the situation being so strange, it was hopeless. Hiccup was slightly more optimistic, but by that evening his cheeriness had started wearing down too. He didn't want to give up, after all he had been through (like betraying Berk and his friends) but he knew Toothless was tired.

And he was tired.

Maybe . . .

Maybe they should turn back. Maybe this whole thing was just a myth, and the UnderIce dragon species never existed, or became extinct. Hiccup usually didn't think negatively, but today . . .

They were lost in fog. What do you expect.

"Hey, bud?"

Toothless growled in response, but it wasn't an angry growl. It sounded more as if he was saying, _"Yep. Listening, but also flying, so not looking at you."_

"Do you think maybe we -"

But after a surprised cry and the screeching of a Night Fury, the question would never be finished.

- - Â§ - -

Ending for now. :)

Life, laugh, love,

And don't choke on your food!

Mitti

6. Chapter V

Hiya!

Don't own anything HTTYD related.

Enjoy Chapter 5!

Mitti

- - Â§ - -

Maybe they should turn back. Maybe this whole thing was just a myth, and the UnderIce dragon species never existed, or became extinct. Hiccup usually didn't think negatively, but today . . .

_ They were lost in fog. What do you expect._

_ "Hey, bud?"_

_ Toothless growled in response, but it wasn't an angry growl. It sounded more as if he was saying, 'Yep. Listening, but also flying, so not looking at you.'_

_ "Do you think maybe we -"_

_ But after a surprised cry and the screeching of a Night Fury, the question would never be finished._

- - Â§ - -

Eyes, either dragon or human; the question was undecipherable, watched as the black figure fell from the sky. Those particular eyes widened when a small shape detached from the previous one, and quickly fell down toward the bay.

A smaller splash was followed by a large one.

The body of the eyes quickly began making its way toward the shoreline, but stopped cold when another figure jumped in. Those two figures had been at war for years, and now that they were to save the mysterious fallers, might be an even worse clash. One could swim better than the other.

Maybe.

Without another thought, the figure jumped into the sea.

- - Â§ - -

Ring. Loud ring. And pain.

Oh gods, there was a lot of pain.

The ringing noises that bounced around in his ears seemed loud enough to make him deaf, until finally it slowly began fading away.

Hiccup's vision was foggy and disillusioned, and when he tried to sit up he coughed and began spitting up salt water that burned his throat and mouth. His head felt as if it would explode at any minute, from pressure or a direct hit he wasn't sure. Half of his body ached, especially his legs and feet.

Wait a minute.

Despite having barely any vision, Hiccup knew where his legs were. His left leg instinctively bent and curled up to his chest (sending a jolt of pain with it) and his hands, shaking as they were, felt for his prosthetic foot.

It wasn't there.

Oh gods.

So now he only had one foot.

Groaning, Hiccup rubbed his eyes until they began less foggy. His head still throbbed, but that seemed by now that he had gotten hit. The left side of his ribcage and torso in general hurt, but that was from turning sideways before hitting the mountain.

Hiccup felt a shudder down his spine as he remembered. The leaning mountain had come up so abruptly from the fog that the duo had zero time to swerve away.

The duo.

Toothless.

Hiccup bolted up (and swayed afterwards from dizziness) and suddenly was aware that there was no dragon near. "Toothless?" he called, turning around. There was only the choppy ocean.

"Toothless!"

Fear began growing in Hiccup's chest as he slowly and awkwardly limped/walked around the beach, trying to get a sense of where he was and where Toothless was.

"Bud! Toothless!"

No growls, no Night Fury calls.

Nothing.

Eyes wide, the brown-haired boy began jogging strangely toward the mountain that he had hit. Fog wasn't so stuffy down here, and he could see the base quickly shooting upward into a very leaning-to-the-right mountain.

"TOOTHLESS!"

If he had stepped a certain step with his left leg, he never would have tripped.

But he took a step with his right.

And then he fell flat on the sandy beach.

Surprise turned into shock quickly, and no pain was felt except for a few scared nerves. Hiccup slowly sat up, shaking sand out of his hair and spitting it out of his mouth, as he turned to the rock he had tripped over.

This rock was weird.

The teen Viking grabbed it with his no-longer shaking hands, and read the very badly incrustated writing in the rock. Squinting, Hiccup realized that it had been molded, carved into, then hardened.

But how could this rock, looking rather fresh and new despite being next to the eroding ocean, end up here?

Had someone left it?

Had some_thing?_

Hiccup scoffed. "Dragon's can't write," he muttered to himself. He inspected the words closely, bringing it up close to his face. The words weren't exactly in his favor, being so sloppy, but he was able to make them out.

If only he had realized that those words would traumatize him even more, despite already losing his prosthetic foot and dragon.

****GO AWAY.****

"Okay," Hiccup said, with his voice slowly descending from any happiness whatsoever. Did something want him gone?

Some_one_?

Well, wasn't that a great example of paranoia. Already Hiccup felt that repetitive urge to look over his shoulder, but in the still-logic part of his mind that wasn't slightly glazed over with fear told him there was only the ocean.

Which might not have been exactly true.

Hiccup decided to forget the rock. Maybe the fog was playing tricks on him, or he was still sleeping. The latter he hoped, because then Toothless might still be there.

Standing up, unbalanced all the while, Hiccup looked to the left of him, then his right, and then at the towering and intimidating mountain which had crashed the two friends. It wasn't exactly a happy memory, and it had been the last before he had blacked out from the impact.

"Toothless!" Hiccup called, before muttering, "Toothless, where are you." His black-scaled friend was no where to be seen, and after stubbing his toes on the rock both legs were stinging a little more. After his left leg (what was left of it) had begun very annoying and wincing pain, Hiccup decided to look for water and something to wrap up his foot, so he wouldn't be throwing all his weight on it when he walked his lurching gait.

After calling for his friend one more time, and silence answering his desperate plea, Hiccup began searching and listening for water. Before really looking too hard, however, he felt a small tinge of doubt.

He was alone.

On an island.

Toothless was gone.

No one knew where he was.

Something wants him gone.

Despite everything Hiccup had been prepared for on his searching for an UnderIce dragon, he was not ready for this.

That was the scary part.

- - § - -

Toothless growled as something poked his side. It was far too big to be Hiccup, and that was what made him finally arouse and look up with dizzy eyes. He saw a cave ceiling.

Jolting awake in fear, Toothless jumped to his feet, his irises slimming to slits and his teeth bared. His claws dug into the ground as he turned around slowly, looking for a dragon or something to get him out of the cave.

The cave was like a tunnel. It was lit by strange crystallite gems that glowed an eerie silver color, making the tunnel illuminated in a silvery-blue. The walls had what looked like previously loose stones with dirt and mud filling in the cracks, rendering them stiff, while the ceiling was partially made up of dirt and the floor was a covered in stone-dust, tiny pebbles, and solid stone beneath. Underground had never exactly been Toothless's strong suit, and the claustrophobic-inducing tunnel certainly wasn't helping. He was a dragon, and despite not being able to fly on his own, he liked the feeling of simply "open air" if it made sense.

Growling, Toothless realized that whatever had prodded him awake was no longer here. It had been much too big to be Hiccup's hand or leg, and it had felt like some sort of larger limb, such as a dragon's leg. If there was a dragon, it might have been a Changewing, a dragon that can blend in. There was no sign of any lifeforms in the tunnel whatsoever.

Suddenly wary of the invisible dragon, Toothless opened his mouth and blasted white-and-blue hot fire down at the wall. In response, instead of there being a dragon's annoyed or pained hiss, there was just the creaking of the wall as it protested Toothless's treatment.

Would the tunnels hold?

Toothless's mind clouded in fear. He certainly didn't want to be trapped down here. And, with the realization minutes ago that Hiccup was no where to be seen, the black-scaled Night Fury realized that they were separated, and probably couldn't get away with one another.

Just another thing the duo had in common.

Toothless half-shrieked and half-roared; it was the average "Night Fury" call, as to see if his rider could hear him, or anyone else. Only his voice, which echoed off of the silvery walls, responded.

Freezing his limbs for a second, Toothless pricked his ears for his magnified hearing. He heard a few stones jittering together, and if

he had his active imagination going the dragon could hear waves from the ocean, lapping up against a mysterious and lost shore.

That shore, exactly that shore, was where Toothless planned to go.

In a half-second, the dragon broke free of his mimicry of stone and bolted down the tunnel. His feet thumping against the ground, reinforced by his claws scraping off any earth that was not packed in, might as well have been a gong ringing in Toothless's ears. Either way, the sound was loud and intensified, and rather spooky.

The dragon's thoughts were muddled with his attempt to escape the tunnels, but one thought prevailed and ruled his mind at the moment.

Find rider.

_ Find Hiccup._

- - Â§ - -

Hiccup had successfully found water and a very rough yet working "bandage". It was just a simple grass-woven covering, but nonetheless it worked. However, it could not change any way that he walked. He would be limping until he found his prosthetic foot.

He had found something, though. His backpack, which was scattered open and had his books open, while the spines of those particular books didn't look picture-perfect. That was where they had obviously fallen.

The other items Hiccup had packed were gone. They had probably slipped out of his rucksack, much to his dismay. They were nowhere to be seen.

Now the bag was slung over his shoulder, but weariness made it seem as if it was full of dragon eggs. Hiccup's shoulder ached, as did his chest, his legs hurt, and he was getting hungry. There may have been some edible foods that Hiccup had passed, but he would refuse to try them until he was sure they wouldn't kill him.

The brown-haired boy had also given up calling for Toothless, at least during this particular minute. His throat was becoming raw and sore, despite him drinking his fill when he found a small pool of water at the base of the looming mountain. The Night Fury, if he was not unconscious, would have heard him by now.

That "paranoia" feeling had never exactly left him in peace. Hiccup often glanced to the side, or up into the sky, looking for something that he wasn't sure of what it was. Dragons?

Well, he was looking for a specific dragon that couldn't fly without him. Toothless wouldn't be in the sky.

On top of that, it was getting dark.

It wasn't how Hiccup was used to it. Normally the sky performed one last act; the brilliant sunset. The sky seemed brighter than ever, as

the sun slowly went in peace from this side of the world.

This time it was different. There was no sun, no breathtaking array of colors that stood out against the green-and-brown landscape, just the light gray fog slowly disintegrating into dark gray fog, then black fog. Hiccup would need to rest soon; he could already feel exhaustion pushing his mind into dizziness.

This next moment, just before Hiccup laid down for sleep, may have also been a chance, just how finding the rock with the crudely-engraved words was a chance because he stepped forward with a particular foot. However, this chance didn't have anything to do with his feet (or, rather, foot).

Just before Hiccup fell down to sleep in a grassy area, he once again searched around him, looking for Toothless or . . . Well, anything.

This time, this one time, his wish was granted.

Not in the way he wanted, of course.

A small white blade cut through Hiccup's vision. It was a streak, moving fast on the outskirts of the island. It moved in and out of his vision, due to the darkness, but Hiccup knew it was there.

Breathing fast, shallow, and . . . Possibly excited, Hiccup thought with a pounding in his heart that it was an UnderIce. It wasn't common for a dragon to be a full white color.

With his sense of triumph, Hiccup thought to himself about what could happen if he returned as the streaking white moved out of his vision. He suddenly and bizarrely thought of what Astrid was thinking, and if she was worried or angry.

I'll be back soon, he promised silently in his head, laying down for the night. The grass whispered in the wind, helping him drift in and out of consciousness, thinking about Toothless, Berk, and yes, Astrid.

Yet Toothless was still lost in the dark tunnels, but luckily the dragon's keen nose had scented salt. It would be long, however, before he and Hiccup met once more.

Because as Hiccup dozed peacefully, he did not notice the figure in the water, slowly uprising from the quiet waves.

There were two very peculiar things about this figure.

One; it had strange ice-blue eyes.

Two; the figure was holding a mirror shard that glittered, despite there being no moon or stars.

The shard resembled a knife.

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**Isn't this ominous. Don't worry, no characters will

die.**

Please review;

They are greatly appreciated!

-Mitti

7. Chapter VI

I'm back!

Thanks for all reviews!

Don't own anything (except for my socks)!

-Mitti

PS: short explanation about what's happening on Berk because there isn't much except for . . .

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Berk had been searching for days.

Dragons had gone out many times in search of them, people scoured the forest for any sign. A couple of people even flew on dragons to nearby islands.

Hiccup and Toothless could not be found.

Astrid was, surprisingly, not that worried. Albeit she did often hide if she was worried or frightened (which wasn't often anyway), yet in all honesty, she wasn't too concerned.

Only a few things didn't fit into place.

Hiccup had a love of finding dragons and learning about them. Astrid knew that, and after him telling her about basically all he knew about this new dragon species, she had a pretty good lead on what he was attempting to do. She might not have known where he was, though.

The other thing Astrid wondered is how Hiccup got out without being spotted. Though Toothless was the color of the night sky, there were always dragons that were on guard during the night posted all around the island, from houses to the rocky beaches, and there were usually a few insomniacs out wandering the cold, no-longer-frosted streets.

The Dragon Academy still met daily, yet every time they practiced something or talked about another it was always half-heartedly. Ruffnut and Tuffnut never listened anymore, not that they did before, but still. Snotlout bragged that he should run the classes, but a quick punch to the jaw (courtesy of Astrid) made him lower his "bragging rate". Fishlegs and Astrid often kept the Academy together, mainly because half of the time the group searched nearby islands.

Every desperate search, every hopeful glance, it was all futile. No one found any trace of the chief's son. Astrid began to wonder if he wouldn't come back.

And, as she lay in bed with her loyal Nadder scuffling outside her house, getting ready for bed, the blonde felt herself slipping away from consciousness. This was ordinary, and it wasn't strange for her to dream, either, as she soon did when she dozed off.

She often didn't remember her dreams, or they never came out vividly. Perhaps fortunately, she would forget the dream which would haunt her sleeping self for several days.

Her dream?

When Hiccup had not returned, so Astrid went searching for him with Stormfly. The two had looked all over, until finally, just finally, they found him and Toothless.

Except they weren't moving, or even breathing, whatsoever.

Maybe it was a blessing that Astrid didn't remember her dreams.

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Hiccup awoke from his groggy doze. His eyes were filled with sleep, and they begged to be closed for more resting, as did the rest of his body with a sincerity that almost made him lie down once more. Ignoring the feeling of metal that dug into his chest and sat there heavily, he slowly sat up, trying to organize his black dancing vision. He wasn't surprised by the roughness of his bed or the coolness of the air. He remembered everything that had happened.

It had not been a dream.

That had been a sliver of hope in the back of Hiccup's logical mind, but it was proven wrong, as he knew it would be. He had slept, he had awoken.

He was still on this gods-forsaken island.

Toothless was still gone.

Standing up slowly due to wobbling legs and one foot missing, Hiccup looked around him, head still spinning mildly. The fog above was lighter, indicating that it was daytime. There was no significant way, or in fact no way at all, to tell time, except for the difference of night and day.

"Toothless!" Hiccup called, but only his stomach replied, growling and sending sharp hunger pains up Hiccup's nerves. He flinched, and wondered if he should look for Toothless or food.

Or both?

Decision made with his slowly-clearing mind, Hiccup began limping around to the trees that sprouted up randomly from the long grass, checking for fruit. Unfortunately, his grass-bandage on his left foot began unraveling, causing his leg to thump painfully to the ground every time he took a step with his left leg.

"Oh gods," Hiccup muttered as he sat down to tighten the grass, which flatly refused to tie once more. Who knew that plants would be such a bother when so much else was wrong.

After adding more tall grass stalks to his somewhat-similar-to-gauze bandage, he once again started searching for food, water, and Toothless. Those three things were his top priorities (and honestly the only things he really needed or cared about at the moment) as he searched the island for any black-scaled dragon, or any dragon at all.

"Toothless!" Hiccup's voice came as a rasping noise, hurting his parched throat. Clutching it for a moment, the brown-haired boy began looking for the small oasis he had found the previous day. If he could find it, he could start calling for Toothless again.

He just had to hope that Toothless had somehow wandered back to the island, because it was obvious that the dragon had not been there the day before. Hiccup felt immobilized on the island, mainly because it was true, but it was the same for Toothless. Both could only fly with one another.

And, not for the first time, Hiccup wished he had never torn off Toothless's tail wing, so his dragon might have been able to fly and save them both.

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Toothless was exhausted.

He had been racing around the tunnels, or, rather, labyrinth of tunnels, for as long as he could truly remember clearly. He often took breaks from his dashes, sitting on the cool stone floor, panting, teeth always out and eyes like black claw marks. The unnatural glow of the silver gems had made Toothless's vision occasionally dizzy and made his head spin, for reasons the dragon could not comprehend.

There was no other living creature down in the tunnels. When stopping and freezing so he could listen accurately, Toothless heard the sound of waves crashing against rocks, and sometimes merely slapping shores. He went toward the quieter ones, which could possibly signify an island like the one the duo had crashed on.

He was taking a short break, breathing heavily and looking around. The walls, floor, and ceiling looked no different from any other place where he had stopped, except for a different arrangement of the crystalline gems. Or whatever they were.

Pricking his ears, Toothless began zoning in on what lay ahead in the tunnel. At first, he heard the usual sound of waves coming from ahead. They sounded happy, and Toothless almost growled in envy at their freedom. He was about to, until he heard another sound.

A choppy wave hitting a jagged rock.

It was directly above him, too, making him cringe at the worry of the rock collapsing the tunnel system. However, the tunnel did not seem affected by the wave, and even when another came, the walls stood in

stoic silence.

Toothless had guessed he was underneath the ocean, and this confirmed his thoughts. But to get out . . .

Frustration clawing at his mind, Toothless growled, teeth bared at just the glowing up ahead. It seemed as if this tunnel would never end, and it was starting to very much bother Toothless.

But he had to go on.

Zippering down the tunnel, Toothless yowled out the Night Fury call, as if trying to tell Hiccup, anyone, anything, that he was going to get out, no matter what it took.

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The figure watched in mild interest as the boy wrapped long stalks of grass around his lower left leg. After spectating him for a while beforehand, that specific figure had realized that the boy had no left foot. He seemed annoyed with the fact that his foot was missing.

The figure's left hand tightened its grip on a sharp mirror shard, easily puncturing the hand in the index finger and drawing a bead of blood. Frowning, the figure swiped the bleeding hand onto the ground, but looked up again as the boy shouted in a hoarse voice.

"Toothless!"

He had been calling this earlier, the figure recalled. Was this the dragon he had fallen from? But who in their right minds would name a dragon?

Maybe the boy got hit in the head, the figure wondered with a slight pang of sympathy, but it was pushed away in furiousness.

_Don't feel sorry for him! He's the one trespassing! And he was the one riding the dragon! Why is he on my island, anyway? If he's hunting the dragon, then I'll . . . _

The boy sighed, shattering the figure's thoughts. As he turned away from the figure's hiding spot and began inspecting the horizon, the formerly-shadowed person came slowly out, holding the mirror shard up and ready to strike, as if stalking prey.

This specific figure seemed about fourteen, with dark red hair. And, being furious, the figure's piercing blue eyes were narrowed, possibly in concentration.

Whatever the reason, the person looked ready to strike.

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Hiccup sighed as he looked out into the foggy abyss that was known as the rest of the ocean. _Gods, where is Toothless,_ he asked as he glanced down at his feet (er, foot) and saw that there was a small, bluish flower sprouting up in between his legs.

At least there's something colorful here, Hiccup thought, bending down to look closely at the flower. The five-petaled plant gave a bright "smile" up to him, and the brown-haired boy smiled in reassurance.

It quickly disappeared when he heard the grass rustle behind him.

Heart skipping a beat, Hiccup turned around quickly, saying, "Toothless?" in the hopes that it would be his dragon.

It, however, was quite the opposite.

A bedraggled girl abruptly lunged at him, a blade in her hands. She wore a very dirty and not-so-neat tannish dress. Her hair was in a very uncoordinated pixie cut, looking very messy. Her blue eyes blazed with fury. Shouting in surprise and terror, Hiccup threw up his hands as the girl bowled him over, making his head thump painfully into the ground. The girl grabbed his arm with her hand.

"What are you doing here?" the voice sounded old, creaky, and hoarse, as if it had not been used in years. "Why are you here?"

The girl on top of Hiccup shook him in the attempt for him to talk, but he just flinched and squinted up to look at the girl. She was holding a blade right to his face.

"I-I didn't â€"

"What are you after?" the girl said, her voice becoming so high with hysteria that it sounded like a whisper, as if the girl had gotten laryngitis and had lost her voice.

"I didn't purposefully come here!" Hiccup defended himself. "I crashed."

The girl scoffed, but she carefully relaxed her tight grip around his arm, her hand sparking with readiness. "Are you after the dragon the rescued yours?"

Hiccup gasped. "You've seen Toothless?!" he asked, struggling to sit up. The girl roughly pushed him down, and despite looking scrawnier than he, she was stronger. "Where is he?"

The girl laughed a coarse, humorless laugh. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "The dragon on this island grabbed him, since I couldn't, so I grabbed you . . ." the girl's eyes widened and she cringed at herself.

"What?" Hiccup asked. "What are you talking about?"

The girl frowned, but slowly stood up, releasing Hiccup. "Stay there," she warned threateningly, before quickly running to the beach.

Hiccup sat up and crossed his legs. _This is the weirdest day. Ever._ Strangely, it was mildly similar to how he had met Toothless, except their meeting had involved Toothless eating a fish, regurgitating the fish, and making Hiccup take a bite. Hiccup cringed; it had tasted

terrible.

The girl came back. She was holding a small leather bag in her hands, her eyes having a mild guilty look.

"My rucksack!" Hiccup said, taking it from her. He hadn't even realized he had awoken without it. When he opened it, he saw all of his belongings, but especially rooted out the inky book, and sighed when it was still there.

"It talks about a dragon in there," the girl said, sitting cross-legged next to him. Hiccup tensed, wondering if she would attack him again. Why did she in the first place? he wondered, yet did not ask; if he did, she might attack him again.

"An UnderIce," Hiccup said.

"It reminds me of the dragon here." The girl coughed, her voice still a sounding a little unused. "It's white and has silver eyes."

Hiccup's interest sparked, but first he needed to correct her. "Is the dragon a boy or a girl?" he asked.

The redhead looked at him like he was crazy, but she answered nonetheless. "Girl, I think."

"Then call her a 'she'."

The girl glared at him, but she didn't look ready to attack him again. The fire in her eyes was different, if possible. "Fine. _She_ is that pure white color, like that sticky book says. And she has silver eyes."

Hiccup nodded, absentmindedly tapping his fingers on the cover as the girl fiddled with her blade, which looked like a piece of a mirror.

"Who's Toothless?" the girl asked.

Hiccup paused, but decided it could do no harm to tell her. "Toothless is a Night Fury dragon," he said. "And my best friend."

"You're friends with a dragon?" the girl's voice had no chiding in her voice, only a mild curiosity.

"Yeah," Hiccup said, finding it strange to speak to someone after mainly calling for Toothless for about a day. "Are you friends with the UnderIce here?"

The girl shrugged her bony shoulders. "Not really. We fight a lot."

Hiccup leaned slightly away from her. "Define fighting."

Blue eyes closed for a minute, then opened as she responded, "We just . . . Fight. Mostly over food. It's not that bad," she reassured in her raspy voice. "Normally only a few scratches."

Hiccup glanced at her, then straightened back up. He looked out onto the rest of the island; the grassy part, with tress growing as misfits in the dry turf. A jagged and abrupt mountain leaned to the other side of the island.

"What's your name?" the girl asked, shifting so her legs were straight out in front of her.

"Hiccup," the brown-haired boy responded truthfully. "What's yours."

"I'm -" the redhead stopped. Silence followed the next few seconds, and Hiccup wondered if she was debating on really telling him her true name, or claiming a name at all.

"You don't have to tell me," Hiccup suggested, but she frowned and stared at her mirror shard in her hands.

"No," she decided. "I should tell you." Looking up with fiercely guarded blue eyes, she said, "I'm Blizzard."

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"Let's go find Toothless."

Blizzard had seemed more friendly after Hiccup had conversed with her. Her voice seemed to be getting better, as if it was merely the fact that she had not spoken that made her voice cracked and dry. Still, she looked guarded and still didn't say too much.

She gestured for him to follow her, and then she began walking briskly toward the mountain. Hiccup followed.

"This island is called Depth Island," Blizzard said, talking as if she was taking Hiccup on a tour. "At least, that's what I call it. You and Toothless hit the top of that mountain -" she pointed to the big alp's higher region. "- And crashed into Depth Bay." Her pale hand pointed downward, into a bay-like area. "The UnderIce rescued Toothless, I think, and I rescued you."

"Hm," Hiccup said, half fearing that Toothless had not been saved. "Was Toothless awake while falling?" he asked, a sliver of hope growing within him.

"I don't think so," Blizzard responded, and the hope crashed. "He didn't react when you fell off of him."

Hiccup felt sadness claw at his chest. He had found a friend (if he could even classify her as one, that is) but he had lost his best friend. The two, with the redhead in the lead, began walking toward Depth Bay. Blizzard's face had a strange determination on them.

"Where are we going?" Hiccup asked, adjusting the rucksack on his back.

Blizzard pointed toward the bay, which gave him almost nothing. "Are we swimming?" he guessed jokingly.

Blizzard murmured something under her breath, then added in a louder

voice, "Yes. I have a feeling where the dragon could have taken Toothless."

Without a word more, Blizzard walked even faster to the bay. She passed a few rocks underfoot, and didn't even glance at them as she stepped over them. Hiccup, who still had an awkward lurching gait, had to practically run to keep up with her, which hurt his legs.

Soon, Hiccup and Blizzard reached the bay. "There's a tunnel underneath," the blue-eyed girl explained, pointing to the center of the bay. "The dragon sometimes goes in those tunnels, and I do too. The entrance is big enough for two full-grown dragons to fit through."

Hiccup smiled hopefully. "Let's hope he's in there," he said, a picture of his best friend flashing through his head.

Don't worry, bud. We'll find you.

_ Promise._

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If the ending is too abrupt, I apologize.

Well, please tell me what you think! Hope that the plot so far isn't too boring (or far too bizarre, either!)

Thanks for support!

Mitti

8. Chapter VII

I'm back!

I give a special thanks to crazyguy408 and Superfan44 for being my most dedicated reviewers! Yaay!

Don't own anything.

Mitti

- - Â§ - -

Hiccup slowly waded into the chilled water, shivering as it crawled up his legs. Blizzard was already a few steps ahead of him, and had already dived down to find the exact location of the tunnel.

As the now-wet redhead resurfaced, he asked her, "How do you do that? The water's so cold!"

Blizzard blinked, then shrugged. "I've been doing it for quite some time now," she pointed out, pricking Hiccup with the curiosity of how she actually became stranded on an island. "The water isn't that cold to me."

Hiccup decided not to say anything as he followed her deeper into the

rich blue water. His rucksack was up on shore, left there after the strange girl recommended it. She had been abrasively reluctant to leave anything else behind (which basically meant she would not leave her "knife" behind), and Hiccup, still not fully trusting her, did not argue. Blizzard had already proved that she could beat him.

"The tunnel entrance is up there," the girl said, pointing to a certain point a few yards away. "But the water gets deeper here. You'll have to swim."

Hiccup groaned in annoyance. It would be difficult to swim in almost-hypothermia-inducing water, and it didn't help that he was missing his foot (well, he'd been missing his actual foot for a while. He was missing his _prothetic _foot) and the water and taken the grassy bandage and swept it away in a sudden current that was near the shoreline.

"It's not that hard," Blizzard said, catching his reluctance. "Here, I got an idea." With that, she suddenly dived under the water gracefully, and Hiccup could see her watery silhouette swimming out into the deeper part of Depth Bay. Hugging himself with his arms, Hiccup shuddered and tried to get used to the cool water.

He took a few more steps before glancing upward. _The sun's never gonna shine here, is it,_ he thought. That was probably half of the reason why the water was so cold, but also the fog that was not exactly filled with _warm_ evaporated water didn't help.

The ocean was very peaceful, Hiccup realized with a small shot of confusion. Normally, around the jagged rocks, the water was very choppy, with white foam spraying everywhere. Maybe it was just because the brown-haired boy couldn't see more than a few meters ahead of him, but there was no sign of white foam, or any other islands. And, Hiccup realized with a shiver down his spine, there was no sign of life.

Well, until now.

Something feeling awfully like a human hand grabbed Hiccup's right foot and yanked, making him crash into the shallow bay. His cry was cut off abruptly by the salty tang and the bitter cold of the water, and he quickly slammed his eyes closed so they would not sting. The hand let go, allowing him to rapidly swim upward a few inches, since he had been lying horizontally on the bay floor. When he caught oxygen again, he took a deep breath and sputtered out salty water, as Blizzard resurfaced, laughing.

"You should'a seen your face!" she laughed. Her voice had gotten considerably better from its dead-like state, and now she sounded perfectly normal.

"Blizzard!" Hiccup said, shivering once again. "The water's _cold!"_

Blizzard's face was still lit with laughter, but she stopped to say, "I know. You need to get used to it eventually. Besides, I wanted to know if you opened your eyes under water."

Hiccup started at her, dumbfounded. "You could have just asked me!"

Blizzard's smile fell for a minute, but then it returned. "That's not as fun!" she said, holding out a piece of yellow-green seaweed in her hands. "Take one end," she instructed as Hiccup took a hold of the slippery ocean plant. "So when you close your eyes, I'll be able to lead you."

Hiccup nodded, so Blizzard began walking into the bay once more. The water now reached Hiccup's torso when the blue-eyed girl added, "I may stop for a moment in the tunnel. I want to check something. If you, um . . ." Blizzard's face looked as if she was asking an absurd question, but she continued nonetheless; "If you need to breathe, 'cause if we're down there too long, just pull on the seaweed and I'll lead you out."

"Thanks," Hiccup said, relieved that she wouldn't try to drown him (so he hoped). Blizzard gave a curt nod, then suddenly stopped and looked downward. Hiccup copied her, and if he looked hard enough he could see that the water did indeed get deeper right in front of her bare feet.

"Take a deep breath," Blizzard said, eyes never leaving the water. When Hiccup did, she mimicked his breathing and speedily dived down. Hiccup closed his eyes.

He felt cold water all around his face, and his hand gripped tightly onto the seaweed. He had no clue how long the tunnel was, and did certainly not want to be lost. The seaweed pulled him along, with Blizzard swimming ahead; he could hear her feet kicking in the water.

Odin, let us get out, he prayed quickly as he felt sand brush his right leg. The seaweed was tugged harder, making Hiccup hold on tighter, after feeling it slide a bit out of his grasp. He assumed they were in the tunnel, but he could not confirm his theory due to the fact that his eyes were tightly closed, and were not about to open.

Soon Hiccup became a little light-headed. _How long does this tunnel go,_ he wondered, _until there's air again?_

For some bizarre reason, Hiccup's life began flashing. Not all at once, but just bit by bit. Perhaps part of his mind was triggered, sensing that he could not breathe and that the "end" was "near".

It wasn't, though.

Hiccup saw himself being the most worthless person on Berk. He remembered how he had basically been driven to talking to himself about his life, once during a dragon raid. Funny, how that same morning, the brown-haired boy shot Toothless out of the sky.

He had entered dragon training, saying "Pain. Love it!" in the most "I'm-in-dragon-training-I'm-cool-now" voice he could muster. The other teens, now his friends, had laughed him off.

Hiccup had met Toothless, and almost been killed by the Night Fury's wrath. However, Toothless had decided to return the knife gesture that Hiccup had performed. Look like you're about to kill someone, decide not to.

Hiccup saw Toothless and him flying.

He saw the battle with the Red Death.

He lost his foot.

He became the hero . . .

A sharp poke jabbed him in the ribs. Forcing himself to keep all his air in, Hiccup turned, eyes still closed, and wondered why Blizzard had done that.

The answer came a second later.

Hiccup exploded from the water, and let go of the seaweed that had been slowly crawling from his wet hand. Taking a gasp, Hiccup slowly inched upward, realizing that his torso and under was still under the water.

Opening his eyes, Hiccup saw a very wet Blizzard standing above him, holding out her hand. His arms were holding him up on a ledge, with water under him. Behind Blizzard was a silvery tunnel, alit with mysterious metallic-colored stones, which glowed brightly. His eyes widened when he saw the prettiness of the tunnel, due to the color.

Blizzard let out a sigh of impatience, grabbed Hiccup's hand by herself, and pulled. It was obvious that she could not lift him up by herself, and Hiccup scrambled up by putting his right foot up on the ledge, then hoisting himself up.

"Thanks," he said to Blizzard, who only shrugged. Her dress was hanging soggly on her very thin and bony frame; it was obvious she had not eaten properly for a while.

"The tunnel goes on, and splits into a few more," Blizzard explained, pointing down the tunnel, Hiccup's eyes following down the beautifully-lit stone tunnel. "It's really a whole labyrinth around the whole island."

"Huh," Hiccup said, rather fascinated. "D'you know how these got here?"

Blizzard shrugged, eyes darting to the continuous tunnel, as if she expected someone evil to come from it. "No clue. They've been here longer than I have."

Instantly Blizzard took a sharp inhale, sharpening Hiccup's curiosity. "Let's go," she said abruptly, grabbing Hiccup's wrist and walking briskly down the tunnel.

"Ah!" Hiccup said when his left leg stomped on the ground, and since with no foot, it shot sharp pains up. It was similar to if someone kept jumping off a three-foot cliff over and over, just with one foot.

It hurt.

"Slow down," Hiccup said, removing his wrist from Blizzard's tight

grasp. "Why are we going so fast?"

"To find your dragon faster," Blizzard replied simply, but nevertheless she slowed down a bit. "Sorry. I'm going fast 'cause I normally don't wander off in these tunnels." Once again, as if she spilled a secret, Blizzard took a quick inhale and screwed her eyes tight. Hiccup looked at her in mild confusion yet interest as she continued walking, but once again at a brisker pace. Lucky for him, she wasn't going as fast as before.

"So, are you and your dragon best friends?" Blizzard asked, her voice laced with inquisitiveness.

"Pretty much," Hiccup admitted, gazing at every crevice and rock within the tunnel. "We met just about a year ago."

"Huh," Blizzard said, swiftly glancing at Hiccup's limp. "I've never thought of a dragon being a friend," she said, seeming truthful. "But then again I've never really thought of a friend."

Hiccup blinked, but did not respond. Instead he steadily limped alongside the scrawny girl, while she diddled with her mirror shard in her hands, occasionally splitting her skin and causing a small bead of blood to form. She took no notice; rather, just wiped it on her head, and Hiccup assumed this was because her hair looked very similar to the color of blood.

After a minute, Blizzard stopped cold, and quickly shot out her left arm to halt Hiccup just as abruptly. He jerked back, his gaze questioning the isolated girl, but she merely put a finger to her lips, signaling quiet.

The redhead tilted her head so that her left ear was facing the tunnel in front of them. She held her breath for a moment, but soon turned back to Hiccup, eyes blazing with something unknown.

"Let's go. There's a clearing up ahead," Blizzard said, glancing down at his foot and adding, "I'll find something for your foot."

"Thanks," Hiccup said, and let Blizzard lead the way once more. He was very confused by the islander's behavior, from attacking him to actually knowing about a network of tunnels underneath Depth Island.

True to her word, Blizzard led Hiccup into a small clearing, which Hiccup guessed could house about four dragons. An immediate thought came to him, and it caused him to look strangely at Blizzard.

She lived down here.

There was a small spot near the edge of the clearing-cave, where soil was spread out and patted down, similar to a flowerbed. There were logs piled up against a wall, and there was a small heap that was covered by a blanket looking similar to Blizzard's dress.

Clearing her throat awkwardly, Blizzard stepped into the clearing shrugged. "Welcome to my home, Red Cave."

"Uh, nice name?" Hiccup said, unsure whether it was a question or

statement himself. "Did you name it after your hair?"

"No." Blizzard walked over to the pile and snatched up the blanket. Underneath lay a various assortment of items. "I was bleeding the first time I was here."

Alarm buzzed through Hiccup, but before he could ask Blizzard began speaking again. "It wasn't bad. I was breaking a mirror up and it shattered, and then I had tiny mirror shards in my arms." The redhead pointed to a small spot on her arm, where the skin was slightly darker. "That was the deepest cut."

Hiccup limped over to her as she sat down and began sorting through the pile. She sought out a piece of wood, then a small piece of rope. "D'you mind having a heavyweight foot?" she asked, holding up the small block of wood that looked rather poorly whittled. "It's not much, but it's the smallest piece of wood I got," she said.

"No, it's fine," Hiccup said, sitting down next to her and straightening his left leg. Blizzard, using rather clumsy hands, began tying the wood vertically to his foot, so his leg's length evened out to the other one. "So, this is your home?"

Blizzard nodded, still tying. "Yeah. Sometimes I don't like being on the surface, so I swim down here. When the dragon isn't here it's nice and quiet."

There still seemed to be tension coming from Blizzard about the UnderIce dragon, as if she almost respected it in some way. Yet Hiccup could not ask; Blizzard began speaking again. "I dunno. I just like exploring all the caves and tunnels."

"Caves?" Hiccup echoed as Blizzard finished her knot and looked down at it in approval. "There are more than just tunnels?"

"Of course," the redhead said with a hint of scorn in her voice. "It's not just tunnels. It's a labyrinth. There are a lot of caves, and one even looks like a big grand room!" Standing up, the girl held her hand out to Hiccup, which he used to help get himself standing. "I'd show you, but it's on the other side of the island's caves. And I doubt your dragon Toothless would be over there."

"So where do you think he would be?" Hiccup asked, his foot feeling slightly lighter in contrast to his metal-and-wood prosthetic foot, while Blizzard shrugged and pointed to a random tunnel.

"Most likely," she defended herself. "The dragon normally goes down that one. If the UnderIce helped Toothless, then both could be down there."

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Toothless was almost up to the surface.

He could smell salt so strongly that he could almost taste it.

The crashing waves, which seemed increasingly loud after a long tunnel of silence, made his ears twitch and his eyes blink. He was ready to be up on the surface; ready to be free to fly.

That is, if he could fly.

The Night Fury dragon knew he couldn't fly without Hiccup, but that was why he was going to the surface. He wasn't quite sure how he had gotten down here, anyway. Besides, Hiccup would have never known that Toothless was actually underneath the island.

Anticipation clawing at his stomach (and also small hunger pains) the dragon had been speeding through the eerily-lit tunnels, which seemed somehow wider. Though it might have been him getting used to the claustrophobia.

The salt made him drool; not because it tasted good (because it did _not_, in Toothless's opinion) but rather that it signified open air. And freedom.

Toothless wanted freedom badly now.

Perhaps this was just another chanced moment; or, maybe a particular white-scaled dragon had led him this way specifically. No matter what the reason, the new opening was going to change Toothless's escape plan.

Drastically.

Toothless was right about the tunnels widening. With every step, they broadened and stretched until the room was a full-blown cave, with a roof high above Toothless's head and the walls in a rough circular shape. The décor, if it could even be called that, was very strange.

Smooth sculpted steps that went from one side to the other of the cave raised up to a lonely stone altar, with one silver gem glowing brightly on it, similar to the ones on the walls.

Salt was all around. The exit was close.

Toothless, pupils wide with excitement and joy, began running toward the altar, not questioning its terrifying beauty in an abandoned cave. Scrambling up the steps, the black-scaled dragon, with one blood-red tail-fin, pawed his way up to the altar, sniffing it. The tang of salt was definitely hanging on the raised table, yet did not reveal any entrance or exit to the ocean.

Instead, Toothless realized with a fresh curiosity, the table had eight tiles, each in a hexagonal shape. Seven on them were arranged in a heptagon, while one, which had a dark shadow incrusting on it, sat directly in the middle. The others each had symbols that Toothless did not recognize at the moment; a star, a leaf, a breeze, a cloud, a rock, a raindrop, and a completely blank stone.

Then Toothless did something that he would forever regret.

He arched his back so his front legs were resting on the table, so he could get a better look at the odd design. The desire to be out of the caves was a small kindled flame in the back of his head, but at the moment, he was more interested in the stones.

Reaching downward, the black-scaled dragon sniffed the middle stone, touching his nose to it. It felt cold and hard, but also with an icy

edge to it that made the dragon's mind sear with a sudden fear. Toothless reared back, feeling as if his body heat had been draining out of him.

Which it had been.

It was so fast; so instantaneous. Toothless had almost no time to react after the whole process happened. Yet he watched, with big green irises, as the shadowed stone began to move.

It began quaking uncontrollably, and slowly a deep, dark crevice slowly cut through the middle of the stone, jagged and uneven. But the spirit inside the stone was no perfectionist; it merely wanted freedom.

Which it got, instead of Toothless achieving it.

A shadowed figure, with a dark cloak that could be related to the Grim Reaper's, slowly came out of the stone. A hand first, bony and withered, before a sleeve, then a shoulder, and so on, until a figure of a person came out.

The shadowed figure looked straight at Toothless, who growled and dug his claws into the ground. Yet the figure had no intention of killing him; rather, this Shadow had a message for the dragon.

"Tell them I am the Shadow," the figure hissed in an inhuman voice, making Toothless's wits snap. "And tell the girl to come."

Without a second thought, Toothless bolted from the cave. His mind was whirling, but the Shadow had told him enough, in an odd, horrific mind-sharing way: Hiccup was within the tunnels.

As the dragon turned and fled, Shadow cackled a dark laugh.

"The girl will come! The girl will _die!_"

- - Â§ - -

Yeah.

What's my definition of this chapter?

Very messy and rushed.

But!

Here; it's the best I can do (sorta).

You know the White, you've met the Blizzard, but the Storm is yet to come.

I just love titles.

Mitti

9. Chapter VIII

**Sorry it took so long! I went on vacation and still have a lot of

homework. :(**

Disclaimer: I do not own HTTYD.

Enjoy chapter eight!

Mitti

- - § - -

An unlikely pair was walking through a silver tunnel, their footsteps echoing throughout. Two were dainty yet clumsy, with a caution ringing within them, while another pair was more tired, and even more klutz-like, but that was because of the wooden block being a poor substitute for a foot.

Blizzard had been leading Hiccup through the tunnels for a while now, without speaking, while Hiccup had realized he was getting increasingly hungry and thirsty. His throat was dry, his lips cracked. He tried to ignore them, and kept his forest-green eyes on the figure ahead.

Blizzard had been completely silent directly after she had taken this tunnel. Her mouth seemed clamped shut, and her eyes were burning with a fiery intensity of wariness. Either she did not trust him, or she did not trust what the tunnel had in store. The dragon? His dragon?

The blood redhead was one of the most protective people Hiccup had ever met. She was cautious, wary, yet also a perfectly nice person (in her own way, but nonetheless nice) and a bit of a wildcard.

It was that side of her that reminded Hiccup about Astrid.

He felt guilty tear through him once more, not helping his hunger pains. He had left without saying anything. Astrid might have figured it out, and he guessed she had, after him telling her about the UnderIce dragons and how he wanted to find one. The blonde certainly would be angry at him, but when he returned, Hiccup prayed, she would completely beat him senseless.

He had enough on his mind as it is.

"Blizzard?" Hiccup ventured, hoping to get a response.

Blizzard's shoulders stiffened, but then relaxed. "Yeah?" she slowed her pace just a bit so she was no longer a step in front of Hiccup, but rather right next to him.

Now that she answered, Hiccup had no clue what to say.
"Er-"

Abruptly, Blizzard's demeanor changed to one of wariness once again. "Shut up!" she said rather harshly, whipping her arm up and slapping her hand over Hiccup's mouth. His cheeks stung, but he focused on Blizzard's face as it showed confusion, anger, and then fear.

Hiccup had never seen fear light her crystalline eyes. They shocked down to his core; she, for a moment, looked truly terrified. Blizzard did not strike Hiccup as a person of fear.

"Something's coming," she whispered hoarsely to Hiccup, gripping her mirror shard tighter in her left hand. The redhead turned to him, making him wonder why she had said something. "If you have a weapon, better use it now," she said grimly.

"What's in these tunnels besides you and the dragon?" Hiccup asked, confused, but he was soon to find out. However, this was not an unpleasant surprise for him or this thing.

Quite the opposite, to be accurate.

"Toothless!" Hiccup cried, rushing up to his friend. Toothless's pupils were wide with pleasure at finding him, and he smiled his signature toothless smile. "You're here!" the rider said, throwing his arms around the dragon's neck.

Blizzard was standing a few feet away, stunned into silence. Then, slowly, she approached the Night Fury. At sight, Toothless's eyes slowly became menacing, his teeth growing back into his gums.

The redhead took a step back.

"It's okay," Hiccup said to Toothless, extending his hand toward Blizzard. "She's a friend." Blinking, the brown-haired boy realized that's exactly what he had said when Astrid was in this same situation. Well, it was sort of different.

"This is your dragon?" Blizzard's voice was full of curiosity, not fear. Her eyes were gazing at Toothless's red tail-fin. "What happened to him?"

"Long story," Hiccup said, smiling with nostalgia at his long-term friend. "Now we can find the UnderIce dragon easier?"

Toothless grunted in confusion. The teen Viking remembered that his dragon had not been with him in the discovery that there was a white-scaled dragon on this island. "Bud," Hiccup began. "This is Blizzard." Turning to aforementioned girl, he said, "Blizzard, this is Toothless." The girl's pale hand gave a tiny wave.

"There's an UnderIce dragon here," Hiccup said excitedly to his dragon. "Blizzard's known it for a while. Do you mind staying here to look for it?"

Toothless shook his head no, but then opened his mouth and growled pitifully. Hiccup understood the message; his dragon was simply hungry. He was as well, yet he could not be sure Blizzard had food available to them. She seemed thin enough to rarely get any food.

"Hungry?" The blood redhead stepped in politely, and when Hiccup nodded, she smiled without surprise. "We can go up ahead to another cave," she suggested, pointing where Toothless had run in in a timely fashion. "I keep food up there, and I think there's enough for you two." she had said nothing about eating herself.

Hiccup smiled. "Thanks." His newfound friend merely shrugged, quickly taking the lead while the brown-haired boy and Toothless lagged behind. Toothless seemed ecstatic to be with Hiccup again, and it was

vice versa for the boy, except for a little bit of apprehension. Or, maybe a better word, concern.

When Toothless had rushed in, he had seemed as if to be running from something. Did he know the UnderIce dragon down here? Yet, then he would have not been so surprised when Hiccup had announced his discovery of said dragon.

Was there something else down here?

- - Â§ - -

"Did you name this cave, too?"

Hiccup had spoken after swallowing a magenta clover flower. Blizzard's diet, he realized, was the main thing that kept her looking so unhealthily skinny; she mainly ate leaves, berries, nuts, and clovers, and very rarely fish. While Toothless ate the scrawny fish she had stored in this new cave they had come upon, Blizzard simply nibbled on a few blackberries.

"Yeah," Blizzard said after thinking. "Even though I don't really ever use them. This one's called Cavern."

"Just 'cavern'?" Hiccup queried.

"Just Cavern," the girl confirmed. "There are a few others I've named too; one's Dimlight, one's Dew, one's Sun. Oh yeah, and one's called Stone."

Not exactly creative, but then again, what was an island girl supposed to call them, living all alone like this for . . .

How long?

"How long have you been here?" Hiccup asked, echoing his own thoughts. "It's seems like you've been here for a while-"

"Yep," Blizzard interrupted hastily. "I've been here for a while. I don't need months or years, no one does when they're all alone." Suddenly more hungry, Blizzard took the remaining three berries from the stony floor and swiped them into her mouth.

The brown-haired boy blinked. Toothless throatied a noise that could be somewhat as if saying, _Foolin' anyone over there, redhead?_

"There's nothing to do really but think when I'm down here," Blizzard said, as if talking to herself as much as Hiccup and Toothless. "I don't really ever need a name, or names for where I stay. I just kinda find a place, sleep there, eat somethin', move on. But I mostly stay in these tunnels."

"How do you get food?" Hiccup asked, still curious about this peculiar girl's way of life.

"There are always a few plants growing in the cracks of the walls," Blizzard responded, pointing to the far edge of the eerily-lit cave. "Maybe there's soil back there, and maybe this silver light keeps 'em going. And don't ask me how there's silver light down here, because I

don't know anyways."

Hiccup had considered asking that question, but the way Blizzard guarded herself and basically everything within the tunnels it was pointless trying, so he had kept his mouth shut over that query. Even though she had already guessed he was going to ask it. "But what about the clover?" he asked, pointing to the sad-looking purple flower in front of him.

"There's a bit up top," she replied airily. "It's a rare treat. Same with nuts and berries. Mostly there're just plants, like just clover leaves. I eat whatever I find, and I've been good like that." Blizzard thought for a moment. "And sometimes mushrooms."

She seemed like a vegetarian, but then again, there wasn't much meat on this island anyway. "Don't you ever get hungry?" Hiccup asked, deciding it would be his final question for this "round".

The blood redhead laughed wryly. "I'm always hungry," she answered with a dryness in her voice. "I just ignore it mostly."

- - § - -

_ "Tell them I am Shadow," the figure hissed in an inhuman voice, making Toothless's wits snap. "And tell the girl to come."_

_ Without a second thought, Toothless bolted from the cave. His mind was whirling . . . _

_ . . . As the dragon turned and fled, Shadow cackled a dark laugh._

_ "The girl will come! The girl will die!"_

- - § - -

_ Shadow was not a new threat._

_ In fact, exactly fourteen years ago was when he gave his first exposure to others about his survival._

_ And, on that night exactly fourteen years ago, five figures met at a small, sparkling oasis that reflected the starry-filled night sky. The moon was nowhere to be seen, but as the figures crowded around this stone-edged pool, the shimmers within the depths of the water slowly disappeared, leaving the water to be dark, endless._

_ "What are we to do?" a voice, one that flowed as gently as the wind, asked the others. "True danger is coming upon."_

_ "True danger," a spirit with a thickly voice echoed. "Yes. What shall we do? We must avoid this tragic danger."_

_ "It is unknown, is it not?" asked the figure, whose voice was friendly yet deep. "Can we truly do anything?"_

_ "We must!" Cried the most fragile and delicate figure of them all. "For, what shalt we call ourselves if we cannot help even this!"_

_ The figure with a thick voice turned to the one that had not

spoken. "Well?" he prompted the unknown silhouette. "What do you say?"_

_ The silent one stood tall; obviously this one was the leader of the five. "Hm," the voice rang out in a deep pitch, shattering the silence of the oasis by creating cutting ripples. "There is only one thing we can do," the one finally said, looking at each of the other figures with a measured look with black eyes. "To protect everything, we must create Anew."_

_ "Anew?" the fragile one asked; for this one was the newest, and had not yet heard the phrase that eluded yet._

_ "Anew?!" cried the thick-voiced one. "Are you so very sure?"_

_ "Never surer," the leader one replied evenly. "Now, it is hard, and yes, there will be sacrifices. Yet how else are we to destroy Shadow?"_

_ "Perhaps face him ourselves?" the soft-spoken one replied, but was quickly rebuked by the leader one._

_ "We cannot! For, what if we lose? Then who is to help the situation? Do not underestimate the power of this Shadowed One."_

_ "How else are we to help?" asked the deep-voiced one._

_ "We need a mortal."_

_ "Now we're dragging mortals into this?" the fragile one scoffed, only to be glowered at by all. The leader replied in a snapped voice, "You are new. You do not understand the sacrifices that must be made." this made the delicate one shrink back._

_ The leader one sighed. "Alright. There must be a mortal. But who, and what shall they look like?"_

_ Now, three of those four that were asked did not have an answer. But one, one with a friendly spirit yet a powerful and fierce determination, spoke up. "One with blue eyes," the deep-voiced one said, with sorrow lining the words. "To remember . . ."_

_ "Why this is happening?" the soft-spoken one suggested. "Remember, Friend, we are all in this together. There is much to be faced, yet we must make it through, with these events or not."_

_ The leader looked approvingly at the aforementioned. "Your speech is good," he said to the quiet-speaking one. "Yet beware of what you say for your sides. There is always a wrong choice." to which the quiet one's eyes widened in fear, and that silhouette quickly stayed silent through the rest of the meeting._

_ "Blue eyes, eh?" the leader said, turning to the deep-voiced one. "Very well."_

_ A hand coming from the outline of the leader one gently touched the surface of the stone oasis. The water was illuminated by a glowing that could not be described as simply "beautiful". No, it was more than that._

_ It was perfect._

_ Slowly, quietly, gingerly, a face came upon the water's surface, piece by piece. Occasionally the figures murmured something about how "they should be kind" or "they should be brave", adding to the "to do" list of finding this mortal._

_ After a short time, for there was time continuing during this point, a true face appeared onto the screen. Eyes that looked like the deepest depths of the ocean; they were a piercing blue, with a fierceness inside yet a kind heart, compassion, and braveness inside. This person had blood red hair, a symbol of what may come to many, and the palest skin to represent a specific creature that was, albeit whiter than this person, going to intertwine destinies forever with the person._

_ "It is decided," the leader one announced, tapping the oasis water one more time. The water that was not holding the picture of the person glowed brightly, until there was a sudden flash in the heavens above and a new child was conceived to a woman._

And, if Hiccup or Toothless would have been there, they would have been shocked at the picture. It was no mystery to them who it was, yet her having this unruly destiny that was to be forever remembered by her? And possibly _them _as well?

Yet they were not there; and the duo did not know. Yet they would, and when they did, they would truly see the kind heart, compassion, and braveness of the girl.

This "specific creature" was going to be in her life for quite a while, yes. All the while, it did not mean something good would come out of it. Take the girl, the fiery girl with a stormy spirit, and add the dragon that had glowing silver eyes . . .

Why, you got a blizzard.

Funny how names work out that way.

- - Â§ - -

Oooh!

**Strangeness and confusedness! **

Tell me what you think; it is appreciated greatly!

Mitti

10. Chapter IX

Don't own HTTYD (or anything closely related, either...)

Sorry this took so long. I had a lot to do in the past week, including school stuff and my computer not "granting access" to me onto the website...

Oh well. It's up now!

****Mitti****

- - § - -

"Hush!"

Hiccup jumped at Blizzard's rough tone. The tunnel, despite being lit by the fascinatingly strange glowing orbs that were lodged within the walls a few centimeters, seemed to become dimmer as they walked this path. Blizzard had been absolutely positive this was the tunnel to take, stubbornly defending herself by repeating that the UnderIce dragon had always gone this way. Hiccup could not argue with her knowledge of the island, yet always wondered why she had never begun speaking too much about the dragon in general.

"What?" Hiccup asked, maintaining his voice to a whisper. Her eyes seemed to have bits of ice in them, and her shoulders were tensed.

"The dragon might be around here," she said in a quiet tone. "I've seen it sleeping here sometimes. It always hisses at me."

"_Hisses_ at you?" the brown-haired boy echoed in disbelief.

"You don't know anything about this 'UnderIce' dragon," Blizzard snapped. "I know plenty. I've been around it for, what, seven years?"

Another secret played out of the blood redheads mouth.

Two deep blue eyes widened in surprise, and the girl's mouth let out a small squeak. Hiccup looked sharply at her, and wondered why she was so horrified at the idea of telling him that she'd been on Depth Island for seven years. "Is that bad?" Hiccup asked cautiously, while two eyes looking very similar to blue azaleas turned stiffly toward him.

"Uh, no, no," Blizzard said quickly, smiling a faux smile upon her pale lips. "But I can't be sure if it's been seven years. Sorry. It might'a been six, or maybe five." Pretending to be in deep thought, the poorly-dressed girl put a finger to her chin, narrowing her eyes at the tunnel ahead. Hiccup decided to let her be, and simply just keep walking.

Well, Toothless had other ideas.

He had been watching the two bicker (well, technically it was Hiccup asking a question and then Blizzard snapping at him) and had decided he wanted some attention. He thrust his head forward, pupils dilated. Hiccup had patted his head as the two walked along, and soon began talking absentmindedly to Toothless.

"What do you think Astrid will say when we get back?" he asked his best friend, who throat with doubt that the blonde would let the brown-haired boy get away without a slap. Or two.

"Uh, she won't be happy, will she," Hiccup muttered. "But at least we're on the trail of an UnderIce dragon! Think about it, bud, a dragon that's related to you!"

Toothless smiled widely, showing no teeth. Blizzard watched the duo with curiosity.

"And what will Dad say? He'll be so mad." It was a time of thriving, since the last traces of winter were slowly fading into the mist of past, but with worry over the chief's son the people of Berk might not exactly be so successful. Would it be all Hiccup's fault? Did Astrid know where he was, and had told Stoick?

Had Astrid come to look for him?

That set a knot of fear in Hiccup's stomach. "Bud, what if Astrid's out looking for us?" the teen Viking asked, making Toothless tilt his head in wonder. "She'll have no clue we're underground. She might search for days, and maybe get lost. Or she could drag the others into this . . ."

Blizzard was now watching the scene amusedly, as if it were her favorite television show. The three kept walking.

Hiccup's feet hurt, yet he ignored them. His hunger, however, was harder to ignore. It made him feel very dizzy at times, and although the blood redhead had been very generous with her "supply" of food, it hadn't been what the boy was used to. His torso was also cramping up occasionally, making it hard to walk. Blizzard seemed to get much less food, and she looked fine.

Well . . . Was she fine?

The Viking was reminded of his so-far silent companion and turned to the girl, who had simply continued walking through the tunnels. However, when Hiccup caught a glimpse of a split up ahead, the girl slowed her walk.

"Which way do we go?" Hiccup asked.

A small bang of loose hair fell into Blizzard's face. She puffed her breath at it, but when it landed back in between her eyes she took the mirror shard (which was still in her hand) and cut it off with a rough fashion. A small lock of dark red hair floated down to the ground.

"The left," Blizzard said automatically afterwards, pointing to an even dimmer tunnel. "This is where it almost always is. See this?" a bony finger pointed to a small, white iridescent "thingy" on the ground. Hiccup bent down, and realized that it was a fraction of a scale. A very tough, waterproof scale. "It's one of the dragon's scales. I've seen them all over the place around here."

"How many times have you been over here?" Hiccup pocketed the scale piece in his rucksack on his back before following the briskly-walking girl. He had realized, with confusion and satisfaction, that his make-do wooden leg was starting to bother him less. He was walking much more evenly.

"A few." Blizzard shrugged nonchalantly. "Dunno. Never counted. But hey, we're close to the UnderIce dragon. I can promise you that, strange person."

Well, in Hiccup's mind, Blizzard was the strange one. Yet he hadn't been bothered to feel offended at her laid-back comment, even if it was at a random time. She never looked back at the mildly-lacking Hiccup and Toothless, as if her blue eyes were permanently glued to the lesser-lit space.

"Why is this place not as bright?" Hiccup asked, wondering if the girl had an answer. "Did you put those crystals in the walls?"

"No, of course not," Blizzard scoffed. "How could I actually lodge those darn things in the walls, anyway? I don't have a pickaxe. And I dunno why it's not as bright. Person that used to live here ran out of shiny thingies?" It was rather obvious, by her tone, that she did not graciously think of the stones. It was something she merely overlooked, as everyone overlooked something at sometime. She also seemed to have no clue what these gems were, or what they were made of.

After a few moments, of silence, Blizzard became more chatty. Hiccup wondered why she had those swings of wanting to talk. "Is it fun riding Toothless?" she asked him, curiosity lining her face as she looked intently at the duo. She had faltered back a few steps so she could talk face-to-faces.

"It's a lot of fun," the spearmint-green-eyed boy replied. "We normally fly all around our island every morning, if we have time."

"Wow," Blizzard breathed, and albeit she still had a guarded look to her eyes and body language, she seemed to consider the two as person and dragon she trusted. "Could he fly in here?" she queried suddenly, looking up at the ceiling, which was a few arm-lengths out of reach.

"Maybe. Do you wanna ride him?"

"I -" the blood redhead stopped for a moment, tilting her thin face to look at Toothless. He purred back encouragingly.

"Sure."

There was a moment where Hiccup was glad that Blizzard had seemed to warm up to dragons more, but as soon as the trio stopped and Hiccup swung his left leg over the back of Toothless, he realized something was wrong. And it would crush the whole idea.

His prosthetic foot.

The design of his new left foot was so that he could still control Toothless's tail fin. However, with a chunky and clumsy piece of wood replacing that, there was no way for Hiccup to get his foot into the gears so he could control. Toothless noticed this also, and growled sadly.

"Hm?" Blizzard asked, and Hiccup assumed that his expression had faltered, with her seeing so. "Is everything okay?"

He looked apologetically into her big eyes. "I need my prosthetic foot to help Toothless fly. And with this . . ." He got off of Toothless and shook his left "foot" helplessly.

"Oh," Blizzard said. "Well, then should we continue walking?" as she turned, with her face still mildly sad but having an attempt to cover it up, Toothless throatied a noise, and gave the brown-haired boy an idea.

"Wait," he said. "What about if he runs? You wouldn't mind that for a little while, would you, bud?" Toothless shook his head "no" vigorously. Blizzard turned back, her grip on her mirror shard loosening in her left hand.

"Really?" she asked sincerely, watching as Hiccup climbed aboard Toothless again. "Is he alright with that?"

"Ask him," Hiccup said, while Toothless smiled his signature smile that had given him his name. Blizzard smiled a faint smile. Silently, gingerly, she climbed awkwardly over Toothless, but it was mostly hard for her because of her dress. Luckily for her, her tannish-colored dress stretched, allowing her to still put one leg on one side of Toothless, and vice versa for her other leg. "Okay," she said slowly. "Now what?"

Hiccup gave Toothless a small push with his hands, urging him forward. Toothless, excited and ready to run, burst off in a quick manner of happiness. Hiccup was glad that he felt some wind in his face, even if it was only a little, and Blizzard . . .

Had been surprised, to say the least.

She squeaked a very un-Blizzard-like noise, and before she could fall of wrapped her arms tightly around Hiccup's torso, squeezing out all the air for a moment. After a moment when her adrenaline and surprise had gone down, she slowly relaxed her grip and settled for one hand tightly grasping his vest, while the other hand scoured the ground. She seemed to marvel in the fact that she was going this fast.

"This is amazing!" she cried, looking at her hand. It had scrapes from stray rocks on it, and was a reddish color, with contrasted greatly with her pale skin, but Blizzard did not seem bothered. She poked Hiccup's shoulder. "D'you do this every day?" she asked in a slight awe. For once, Hiccup realized with surprise, her eyes had completely lost that guarded look, and were placed with a joy and softness, as if she was simply a little girl with her feelings easily hurt.

"Yeah," Hiccup said, while Toothless roared (thought a quiet roar) in the pleasure of running with his friend (or friends . . .?). "But normally we're in the sky."

"Imagine, being in the sky!" Blizzard said dreamily, pushing her hand against the ground once again. "Toothless, you're so fast! You must be the fastest drag -"

Afterwards, a shout, a squeak, and a throatied noise followed.

In what had seemed to be a few mere seconds, the three were lying in a disorderly pile on the ground. Toothless, for reasons unknown to Hiccup, had suddenly skidded to a halt. He had yelled in surprise, while Blizzard had once again squeaked; something that was not like her, until this point in time. There was a small scattered pile of

black scales, Hiccup saw with a pang. Those were Toothless's scales, which had been perfectly fine and intact until the recent crashing.

"Toothless?" the boy asked his dragon, who groaned woozily. When he seemed fine, Hiccup turned to the girl, who was lying in a broken way on the stone ground. "Blizzard?"

"I didn't know you had crash landings," the redhead said dizzily, sitting up from her sprawled-out position. "That hurt."

Hiccup nodded, sympathizing both. Blizzard had not been quite ready for that, and Toothless had stopped . . .

Why had he stopped.

"Bud, what did you see?" Hiccup asked as the Night Fury stood up. "Why'd you stop?"

Toothless looked at him with big puppy-dog eyes, as if he was apologizing. He jerked his head toward a crevice that looked man-made, chipped away from the original interior of these mysterious tunnels. It was a few feet behind them, yet that made sense, considering that Toothless had stopped right about there.

"What's that?" Blizzard asked, her eyes still having a spinning look to them.

"I dunno," Hiccup said, walking over to the crevice. It had a small cloth spread in an unorganized way over a few lumps. Curious, Hiccup pulled the faded fabric and drew it towards him, wondering what was underneath it. Toothless and Blizzard had appeared at his sides.

The first thing Hiccup noticed was a wrinkled pile of cloth, looking almost identical to Blizzard's dress that she wore. The blood redhead's eyes widened, and she gasped, making the other two look over at her.

"My pants!" she cried, grabbing them and smiling happily. "I found them!" Without a second thought, underneath her dress she slipped them on. They fit her form, although they were a bit big, and she, without a second warning, began cutting off the dress near her hipbones with her mirror shard. Hiccup watched her with confused narrowed eyes.

"What're you doing?" he asked.

"I'm making my outfit more manageable," she said as she cut around. "I lost my pants a while back, and sewed my shirt together with a skirt I had. I hated this dress. But now I found my pants!" she had finished, and was holding the skirt, still looking perfectly fine, in her right hand proudly. Her pants and shirt looked the same color, minus the shirt being more faded.

"Oh," Hiccup said, before turning back to the strange crevice. A shadow was formed over half of the wedge, since the light was still thinning, yet the green-eyed boy could still see what was left over. And he was happy.

"My leg!" he exclaimed, grabbing the prosthetic foot Gobber had made

him all that time ago. "How did it get here?"

Blizzard came back next to Hiccup, but quickly sprawled out on the ground in a relaxing manner. "I bet it was the UnderIce dragon. Ooh, that was what took my pants!" the girl was soon muttering annoyed phrases under her breath while Hiccup took off the sorry excuse for a foot (no offense to Blizzard) and lodged his old/new (or whatever) one back into place. It fit perfectly, and made him feel much more balanced and coordinated.

Then Toothless growled.

And it wasn't a friendly growl, either. Hiccup glanced up, while Blizzard lifted her head to the dragon. Her eyes sharpened into a defense mode once again as she saw, through the shadows, a dragon unlike any other. With four tail fins on a tail whipping furiously, the dragon, it's scales gleaming rainbows in the light, was obviously not welcoming the strangers.

Two silver eyes, strong enough to take breaths away, penetrated not Toothless, not Hiccup, but Blizzard.

Silver met blue.

And behind two of the eyes was a thin layer of questions.

_Why are you here? Why won't you leave me alone? _Blizzard thought to herself.

The dragon reacted as if it had heard her.

- - Â§ - -

The UnderIce has silver eyes!

Blizzard has blue!

Hiccup has green!

So does Toothless!

Hope you like it!

Mitti

11. Chapter X

So, there is a movie coming out on Friday (HTTYD2, in case you haven't guessed). And my story is currently taking place between these two movies. I have decided to continue writing this story **_before**_** the second movie. Plz tell me what you think of that idea, and besides, I'm thinking of maybe adding a sequel to this that takes place **_**after**_** the second movie . . . :)**

Disclaimer: Do you really THINK I own anything from HTTYD?

Thx so much!

****Mitti****

- - § - -

_ Two silver eyes, strong enough to take breaths away, penetrated not Toothless, not Hiccup, but Blizzard._

_ Silver met blue._

And behind two of the eyes was a thin layer of questions.

_ Why are you here? Why won't you leave me alone? Blizzard thought to herself._

_ The dragon reacted as if it had heard her._

The UnderIce growled, making Hiccup flinch. Despite how excited he was at the true prospect of seeing this dragon, it certainly didn't seem friendly at the moment. And, another thing that intrigued him further was that the UnderIce rarely looked at him or Toothless, despite them being the newer trespassers. Its silver eyes were a combination of the glowing crystals crushed within the walls, and a moon that had outward flames like the sun. Her pupils were slits, showing more of the shining silver.

"Blizzard?" Hiccup whispered fiercely as the blood redhead locked her feet into the ground. Her blue gaze flitted over to him in a fast fashion, then zipped back to the mystery dragon as she responded quietly, "What?"

"Why is the UnderIce . . ." Hiccup stopped talking when Toothless growled, making the silver-eyed dragon tense up. The two wings, which looked like smaller versions of Toothless's, were tucked even tighter onto the dragon's sides.

"Looking at me?" Blizzard laughed dryly, but never relaxed her "ready" stance. "'Cause it knows me as the main threat around here. Y'know, it doesn't like me." As the redhead inched slightly over toward Hiccup, the UnderIce dragon growled menacingly. While Hiccup was worried that the dragon would attack Toothless, or even Blizzard, the said girl seemed to have a challenging look in her eye as she shuffled even closer to the other two. Toothless had unconsciously moved forward a bit, so he would be able to defend either one of the humans.

The UnderIce shifted its gaze to Hiccup's. He inhaled sharply when he saw that those eyes definitely could be surprising. Yet they were simply eyes, so Hiccup decided that there had to be something different about them. It wasn't the color, it was . . .

It was . . .

The milky white dragon looked over to Toothless, and extended its claws, which were thinner and sharper than the Night Fury's. Toothless mimicked the action, while Blizzard caught Hiccup's gaze and whispered, "I'm not sure they should fight. They'll get injured."

Hiccup nodded. He reached out a very hesitant hand and placed it on Toothless's scaled side, which made the dragon jump in a spasm. Green

eyes met green, as Toothless jerked his head toward the UnderIce as if to say, _What am I supposed to do about . . . her?_

The UnderIce answered.

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_ Who is that person? And that dragon? Hmm, it doesn't look too different from me . . . Wait, what? The girl is WITH them?! Since when? Isn't she antisocial? She doesn't exactly like me, after all._

_ Has the girl turned to a new leaf? Whatever that means?_

_ Maybe. But I don't trust that dragon . . . He's eyeing me in this threatening way. Pardon ME, but this is MY tunnel! _

_ How does this dragon even have an instinct to protect them? Especially the girl? She's not exactly friendly to dragons, ya know. Whatever. I think he feels more attached to the boy, anyway. It's basically oozing out of his scales. Hasn't he ever tried to control his emotions that other dragons can see through like glass?_

_ Well, then again, I was told - back at the nest with my family - that very few dragons could understand the emotions. Has this dragon, perhaps, never met someone like me, that can battle with the advantage of knowing emotions? Puh-leeze, green-eyes, THINK!_

_ Wait, why is he looking to that boy as if the boy is in control? He seems to certainly like the boy. But how? Has the boy been . . . Nice to him?_

_ Oh well, I guess I'll have to find out. Hopefully if I attack then I can find some answers in their emotions. Is it weird that I can kinda feel the BOY'S emotions, too? I've never thought I could feel a human's! Cool!_

_ But why can't I feel the girl's?_

_ . . . _

_ . . . Who am I talking to?_

- - Â§ - -

The iridescent dragon lunged at Toothless, snarling fury. Toothless, who had not had eye contact with the other dragon, had screeched in surprise as the two tumbled around, claws whipping around and roars echoing in an earsplitting manner in the tunnels.

Hiccup clamped his eyes shut and covered his ears with his hands. Blizzard did something similar, yet her crystal-clear eyes stayed open, looking in shock at the two dragons tussling not too far away. When the shock of the roars had died down, she shouted to Hiccup, "We've gotta do something!"

Hiccup nodded, agreeing with her. "But how?" he yelled back, looking desperately at Toothless, who was unsuccessfully trying to bite the UnderIce. "We can't just run in there and split them up!"

In a weird way, the brown-haired boy was reminded of the symbol Yin Yang. One side was like the night sky in darkness, while the other was cloud-colored. Their meanings could possibly be switched; Hiccup did not exactly know which side was "Yin" and which side was "Yang". He was, after all, raised on a Viking island.

Referring to his previous sentence, Blizzard's eyes were filled with mischief as she asked, "What d'you mean?" Hiccup, being mildly dumbfounded, wondered what she meant, as he had forgotten what he had said in his whole "Yin Yang" thing. He was just about to question her when she sprinted toward the two fighting dragons, slipping her mirror shard into a small pouch on her leggings that Hiccup had not noticed before.

The blood redhead had swiftly kicked the UnderIce, yet Hiccup could see it was rather clumsy. Still, it did its job and made the UnderIce recoil for a moment, while Blizzard nudged Toothless's head - rather roughly, Hiccup thought with a cringe - to turn back to the aforementioned boy. Toothless did as silently commanded, but the UnderIce had only been in shock for a second or two. It lunged again, this time at Blizzard, obviously angry that the girl had disrupted the battle.

Hiccup stumbled forward, forever clumsy, to try and assist his friend, yet Toothless was much quicker. The Night Fury slammed his tail into the face of the UnderIce, making it flinch and stop from its attack. However, Blizzard waved Toothless off, muttering something that Hiccup did not hear, despite him now being a few steps away. He was not sure that his dragon even caught her mumbling, because he blinked a few times and watched what Blizzard would do.

The blue-eyed girl had stood up, and, completely out-of-character and out of the mood as well, laughed. "Best you can do, eh?" she asked the UnderIce, who glowered at her, knowing it was being mocked. "For a moment I thought you were going to be just as rough as that other time, but maybe all those fish you've stolen have slowed you down."

The UnderIce dragon sulked for half-second, but before Hiccup could query these actions, it had swiftly moved to attack Blizzard once again. Toothless had jumped forward as well, but not before the UnderIce had the girl underneath it. As two silver eyes burned angrily at the redhead, she shrunk back just a bit, apparently afraid, before she said timidly, "Hm. Better than last time, girly. But you are supposed to kill prey quickly; haven't we been over this?"

"Huh?" Hiccup asked. No one noticed.

The UnderIce bared its teeth at her, before hissing menacingly. Blizzard flinched, but still continued talking her very strange talk (in Hiccup's mind, that was for certain). "Aren't I prey, girly? We established this."

Toothless quickly delivered a body slam to the UnderIce, who had stared down at Blizzard with her (the UnderIce was a girl, wasn't she? That's what Blizzard had called her; girly) shocking silver eyes. Those eyes flashed with surprise as she was thrown off of Blizzard, and landed with a rather loud thud on the stony ground.

Hiccup felt mildly useless, in all honesty; the dragons were fighting, and Blizzard was just being crazy, but was that normal?

Pretty much, just this was a little strange, even for her.

The green-eyed boy rushed over to Blizzard, and helped her up. She winced as she stood up, and Hiccup assumed that she would have a pretty bad bruise on her shoulder bones, considering the fall she had taken when the UnderIce had knocked her down. She had a small cut on her arm, but the origin of this scratch was unknown to Hiccup; he assumed she had dashed it against a sharp rock while she fell.

"Are you okay?" he asked her as she cringed once again.

"Fine," she muttered, looking over at the dragons, who were having their own version of a cold war, staring each other down with not-so-friendly looks. "I bet they're doing fine too." her voice was lined with a sarcasm that had been rarely played from Blizzard, yet Hiccup had understood that she could be sarcastic just like anyone else.

"What did you mean when you were talking to the UnderIce?" Hiccup asked, and Blizzard turned her gaze to him, eyebrows raised.

"We're not good friends," she began, "But, I mean, I give her tips. Kinda. Like, y'know, tips she already knew. 'Killing your prey quickly'? She already knew to do that. It's like a game."

"I thought you hated each other," Hiccup said, suddenly wondering if these two weren't exactly "die-hard enemies" as Blizzard had sculpted them as.

Blizzard shrugged. "Sorta?" she said, giving Hiccup a rather confused gaze. She was obviously struggling to find words. "Well, we're the only inhabitants of Depth Island. Did you expect us to try and kill each other completely, so we would be completely isolated?"

Hiccup's first thought was _"yes"_ but saying so didn't seem appropriate. Rather, he instead stayed quiet, since Blizzard had turned back to the tussling dragons and taken a few steps forward to them. She had either not bothered to try and get an answer, or did not want one at all.

Toothless whisked his eyes over to look at the blood redhead in a quick manner, then immediately turned his gaze back to the UnderIce dragon, who had not even glanced at Blizzard's arrival. It was if the dragon did not care that the girl was looking ready to interrupt their glaring fight.

Which is exactly what Blizzard did.

"Stop," she said in a commanding voice (which honestly didn't seem to fit her, personality-wise). She stepped between the two dragons, making Toothless growl in either confusion or annoyance (but Hiccup guessed confusion), while the UnderIce spat at the tunnel's floor. Her face, rather surprisingly, could be related to Toothless if one really thought about it, but otherwise her jawbone and head were shaped differently, but Hiccup couldn't exactly put it into words. She (still under the impression that the UnderIce was a girl) also

didn't have Toothless's floppy ears, and her wings, despite being tucked against her, had a different curved shape to them.

"Blizzard?" Hiccup asking in a cautious voice. "I'm not sure if you want to bother that dragon right now. She seems . . . Pretty angry."

"Ah, she's fine," the girl scoffed. "Besides, if she attacks me, I have my mirror shard." the object was taken out of the small, not-too-neatly sewn pocket.

Toothless throatted nervously as the iridescent dragon dug her claws into the ground further, tensing up her muscles as if she was to lunge. Blizzard sighed impatiently.

"Look, d'you wanna do this all day?" she asked the dragon in an irate tone, making the dragon eye her with that '_seriously? are you _talking_ to me while we're supposed to hate each other?_' look. "Meet my friends, Toothless and Hiccup. Now stop being so abrasive, jeez, girly!"

"I thought you didn't like the dragon," Hiccup started.

"I don't" came the reply, which had been what the boy was expecting. Two blue eyes had turned to look at Hiccup, knowing that he had more to say.

"Then why is the UnderIce listening to you?"

Blizzard quickly glanced back at said untamed dragon, who had relaxed (albeit a bit, but relaxed nonetheless). The scales on her back glinted every time she moved even the slightest, and it was no different as she shook herself, as if to be rid of something that clung to her.

"Dunno," the girl said dully. "I've spoken to her enough. Maybe she's finally understanding what I say to her?"

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, but Blizzard didn't catch it. Instead, rather, she turned to Toothless and said, "Sorry. She's not exactly _friendly _at times." Toothless purred in understanding . . . Sort of.

The UnderIce had turned to look at the sideling Hiccup, silver eyes suddenly full of surprise. As the dragon stared at him, the teen Viking realized that she had tiny slits of amber in her eyes, making them look even more like a sun (a silvery sun). Toothless and Blizzard had turned wide-eyed to him as well. He skin crawled a bit as everyone stared at him.

"What?"

Blizzard gulped. The six eyes that had started out with surprise had turned to terror. A slim, pale finger pointed to something just to the right of Hiccup, beyond him. "Behind you."

Taking a sharp breath, Hiccup slowly glanced over his right shoulder. He, however, would not see anything, because just as he caught sight of . . . _something_ moving, the world went black.

Toothless roared. The UnderIce screeched a spine-rattling sound. Blizzard simply shouted, _"Shut up! Don't move!"_ and then all was silent.

Hiccup froze, his legs feeling like ice. The bleakness around him was not dust or simply his vision. The two dragons had proved that. Still, it was something ominous that Hiccup had realized with a shudder.

The crystals had gone out.

All of them.

At the same time.

Hiccup's breath was coming out in short intervals, but fear kept it silent. However, his lungs convulsed and he stopped breathing when he felt a cold hand touch his wrist.

"Sh," came a very quiet voice.

"Blizzard?" Hiccup whispered, desperately hoping it was the girl. She (at least, he hoped it was her) grasped his wrist, four other fingers adding to the first. He reached blindly out with his other hand, reaching for the hand that held on to his own, and felt the battered, worn-out cloth of Blizzard's sleeve. It was her, alright.

"Toothless?" he whispered, hoping his dragon could hear him. However, he received a growl from somewhere in the tunnels, and from either Toothless or the UnderIce he could not tell.

His heart pounding in his chest, Hiccup, very quietly, asked Blizzard, "What's going on? Who was that?"

"Sh!" she replied, still quiet but with a harsher tone of voice. "I dunno. But the crystals should light up again. This happened before, and they did."

"Toothless could breathe fire," Hiccup informed the girl that was invisible to his sight. "We could get out of here."

However, something was going to easily change that.

- - Â§ - -

_ "Now I can finally get to that girl! She won't be able to escape from me this time, even with those other two mortal beings with her. Finally! And with her gone, I will soon be able to destroy all the other spirits! This is going better than expected. Now, what would be the most fun way to dispose of the girl . . ."_

- - Â§ - -

Right after Hiccup had spoken, Blizzard let out a surprised squeak and her hand quickly withdrew from his wrist. The green-eyed boy felt very vulnerable alone in the darkness, especially in the tunnels that he did not know.

Luckily the darkness wouldn't last for too much longer.

Unluckily . . .

Without warning, a cold scream pierced the air, sounding sharp and terrified. Hiccup's eyes flinched before opening wide as the crystal jewels slowly began flickering on again, and the tunnel began that eerily sky blue color. In front of Hiccup were the two dragons, surprisingly huddled against each other in protection.

But Blizzard?

Hiccup turned, knowing it was her who screamed, to see Blizzard sitting on the ground, back pushed up to the wall of the tunnel, looking up with horror in her ocean-blue eyes. A shadowed figure, looking messy and ragged with a ripped black cloak covering the actual person (or thing) inside. In one hand that emerged from a tattered sleeve was a silver dagger, the blade glinting from something that Hiccup did honestly not want to think about.

The figure loomed over Blizzard, poised to stab down with the sharp blade. _"They call me Shadow,"_ it said in a voice that made Hiccup shudder. He, somehow, felt frozen to the ground, and he was not able to go help his friend. Fear was pulsing too hard through his veins, while his feet (or rather foot) seemed to be sewn to the ground. Eyes wide, he could only stare in terror at what might happen.

"And they call you dead!"

A roar.

"NOO!" a scream.

"BLIZZARD!"

- - Â§ - -

****That's all I have to say.****

****Mitti****

12. Chapter XI

****Guess what!？****

****I saw HTTYD 2!****

****I am not going to say anything except that I ****LOVED IT,**** but now with my story before it I have had some trouble getting started :/ (probably because it's before the second movie, and I haven't been able to get said movie out of my head). My apologies if it is not the best written chapter.****

****Thanks for all support!****

****Mitti****

- - Â§ - -

_ The figure loomed over Blizzard, poised to stab down with the sharp blade. "They call me Shadow," it said in a voice that made Hiccup shudder . . . Eyes wide, he could only stare in terror at what might happen._

_ "And they call you dead!"_

_ A roar._

_ "NOO!" a scream._

_ "BLIZZARD!"_

- - Â§ - -

_My head began swimming with memories right after the crystals stopped glowing. Not only the time when it had happened before, and I had been trapped within the bleakness, but all my other moments of darkness in life . . . _

_ I was screaming in fear of the shadows._

_ Someone came to comfort me._

_ My mother . . . _

_ But I knew I could not think about that. I had grasped Hiccup's wrist the second I found him, and had listened for the UnderIce dragon, pleading with her in my head. I'm not sure how that dragon did it, but she always helped me when I needed it. We were not friends, we didn't really enjoy each other, either . . . _.

But we helped each other survive.

_ I only prayed that she would as I was ripped violently away from Hiccup with a cold hand grasping my neck, then roughly thrown against the wall, knocking all air out of me. Then, as the crystals slowly came to life again, I saw Shadow standing over me for the second time._

- - Â§ - -

Hiccup still felt as if a lightning bolt had crashed into him, immobilizing him while he watched the silver dagger quickly fall down to Blizzard, who was pressed up against the wall in futile attempt to get away from this "Shadow" figurine. His mouth dropped open and he had shouted out her name, and her eyes had merely flitted over to him, filled with terror and dread, then looking back to the soon-to-be murderer.

Maybe Hiccup was frozen, and maybe Toothless was as well, but the UnderIce wasn't. And maybe this dragon was going to do something about it.

The lanky yet strong body of the UnderIce had jumped over to Shadow just as the knife stabbed empty ground. In panic, Blizzard had rolled to the side, making the attack narrowly miss her right arm. The white-scaled dragon roared, before spitting an icy blast at Shadow, crashing into him.

The brown-haired boy's eyes were wide with astonishment. The UnderIce's fire blast had been coated in ice, and when hitting the target the ice had exploded, making the fireball just as normal as any other, but with a harder impact. Shadow had careened backwards in recoil as Blizzard stood on shaky legs. "Hiccup?" she cried over the sound of shattering ice.

Hiccup waved before Shadow turned around and hissed - a horrible sound - at Blizzard. "Foolish girl," came the inhuman-like voice. "You cannot evade Shadow!"

Not quite the type for any brave comments, the blood redhead simply kept her mouth shut as Shadow lunged to her again. She dodged in a not-so-graceful manner, while the UnderIce dragon growled menacingly.

Hiccup jumped as something nosed him from behind, but quickly relaxed when he saw it was Toothless, his pupils big and dilated. "Hey bud," the brown-haired boy said shakily, patting his best friend's head.

A strange clicking sound came from the UnderIce dragon, making Toothless's pupils thin and him motion for Hiccup to climb up on his back. After Hiccup did so, Toothless jumped up, even though there was very little room to do so in the tunnel, and he shot a blazing blue fireball at Shadow, taking his mind off of the scared Blizzard. _"Dragons!"_ Shadow spat the word. "Why don't you just get out of the way. This can be over with quickly."

"No!" Hiccup shouted, as Toothless attacked again. The smoke filled the tunnel, making the brunette's lungs feel rather uncomfortable. However, he ignored them as Shadow came and lunged at the duo.

The UnderIce cut him off. Sharp, thin teeth - not unlike her claws - showed as the UnderIce shrieked a peculiar sound, and quickly bowled Shadow over. Blizzard, emerging from the smoke, hurried over to Toothless and Hiccup, where she said, "Not this again! Girly, _don't bite him!"_

"What?" Hiccup asked as the white-scaled dragon and Shadow continued to roll over, claws and knife slashing. "Why not?"

"He can't be bitten into. I'm not sure if he's human," Blizzard said uncertainly, while Shadow hissed as claws raked down him. "She's tried before. It made her pass out."

"Before?" Hiccup echoed in disbelief, while the UnderIce screeched once again, making all three of them flinch. "You mean this has happened -"

Shadow violently ripped out of the UnderIce's grip, before turning to the other three. Exhausted, the beat-up girl dragon lay behind him, panting heavily and trying to catch her breath.

"You _must not _interfere," Shadow told Hiccup beneath his dark hood. "We will not bother you again, as long as you allow me to finish what I have come for."

"To kill me?!" Blizzard said angrily, holding up her mirror shard. Her eyes reflected off of it, and those four blue eyes looked as if a new fire was coming alive within the depths of something that could

not quite be named. "You've tried. You've failed. I refuse to die like this."

"Ah, but aren't you supposed to die?" Shadow cackled in a deathly quiet tone. "You see, my dearie, I know much about the spirits that you do not. You are supposed to die."

Blizzard, taking on Shadow's attack move, quickly threw herself at him and tried to stab him in the face. "Not by your hand!" she shouted venomously as Shadow tried to prevent her from attacking. "Not until I've fulfilled my purpose!"

"What purpose?" Despite being kicked and lashing out at Blizzard, Shadow could still speak quite strongly. "You have no purpose."

"Yes I do," Blizzard muttered through gritted teeth. "This!"

As she smashed her foot into Shadow's face, Hiccup realized that he had once again experienced that thunderbolt-like feeling; he had not moved the whole time they were speaking their extremely confusing conversation. Questions swirled in the boy's head, but he shook them away and said to Toothless, "C'mon, bud." Toothless roared in agreement.

The Night Fury jumped, claws extended, onto Shadow, and spit blue fire into his cloaked face. Shadow screeched, but whether it was in pain, agony, or annoyance Hiccup could not tell. Blizzard stood up, breathing heavily through her mouth. Blood dripped down from her left hand where she held her mirror shard.

"Are you bleeding?" Hiccup asked her, pointing to her hand. Two blue eyes glanced down at it, then Blizzard's thin shoulders shrugged nonchalantly. "Probably. I don't think that thing bleeds." the word 'thing' came out in an acrid tone of voice. The blood redhead put her non-bleeding hand on her hip as she looked down at Shadow, who was crumpled on the ground. Smoke came from his cloak. "Well, Shadow," she said. "You've lost. Go away."

The hood slowly came upwards, angled so Shadow was "looking" at Blizzard. "I've never lost," he hissed quietly, dangerously. "You wait, dearie. Just you wait until the right moment, and then I'll complete my work."

Blizzard cocked her head to the side. "In your dreams," she said pleasantly, before throwing her shard directly toward his face in a dead accurate throw. Hiccup flinched and blinked, expecting the target to scream and writhe around in pain. Instead of screaming, though, the air was silent and smelled of smoke. One spearmint-colored eye opened slightly.

Shadow was gone, leaving smoke in his wake, Blizzard was standing there and clutching her wounded hand, and the UnderIce was staring at all three of them with curious eyes. Toothless throatied something that sounded cautious toward the other dragon, but she merely hummed a peaceful note in response.

"Are you okay?" Hiccup asked the blood redhead. He hopped off of Toothless as she smiled at him weakly.

"Fine." turning toward Toothless, Blizzard added, "Thank you. I

would'a probably not been standing here with only a little blood on my hands if it weren't for both of you."

"What about the UnderIce?"

Blinking absentmindedly, Blizzard stared at him for a moment, before remembrance alighted her eyes and she turned toward the female dragon. "Hey, girly," Blizzard said, in a surprisingly comfortable tone. "Would ya like to show us the way and let me sort everything out, or are you gonna sit there like the dawn's frost and do nothing except . . ."

Trailing off, Blizzard stared wide-eyed at the iridescent dragon, who had perked up after she had said the word 'frost'. "E-except bother me . . . All day . . ." the rest of her sentence seemed without meaning as the UnderIce, pupils dilated, approached Blizzard with caution. Hiccup, mouth open with surprise, finally said to Toothless, "That remind you of when we met?"

Toothless purred happily, shoving his nose forward until Hiccup was petting him. The UnderIce was slinking forward, just as Toothless had done when Hiccup offered him the tempting fish. The Night Fury had promptly eaten it (though technically half of it) and their friendship had skyrocketed from there.

"Hi," Blizzard said quietly when the white-scaled dragon was standing in front of her. The dragon seemed to be curiously examining the redhead, while said girl waved her bloody hand absentmindedly.

Hiccup felt that if there was a time to interfere, it was now. Stepping forward, he said, "She wants you to trust her."

The blue-eyed girl jumped at his interruption, but graciously (and seemed almost relieved to) allowed him to step forward, so Hiccup was beside Blizzard and right in front of the UnderIce. The silver eyes of said dragon were certainly beautifully crafted, and were looking at him with a look that could not exactly be named. Holding out his hand, just how he had with Toothless, Hiccup hoped that he looked innocent enough so the female dragon would trust him.

And she did.

A cold, small nose was pressed up against Hiccup's hand. A gasp came from Blizzard, and Toothless purred enthusiastically. The UnderIce, after quickly retracting from the boy's hand, responded to the Night Fury with a humming noise that made Toothless blink in confusion, before responding in his own language.

"Looks like they're communicating," the blood redhead said, laughing softly. "How'd you do that? She trusts you!"

"You have to trust them just as much as they trust you." It was something that Hiccup had thought of many times, and said many different ways. "I trusted her not to attack my hand."

Blizzard wrinkled her nose. "She wouldn't do that," she assured, patting her injured hand. "I don't think, at least."

"Would ya like to show us the way and let me sort everything out, or are you gonna sit there like dawn's frost and do nothing except . . ."

Where did _that _come from?

Dawn's frost?

After the words were out of my mouth, I was instantly confused. I had never, _ever _said anything like that before. I didn't use metaphors. I trailed off for a moment, half forgetting what I was going to say, but before I could chastise myself I saw that girly over there had started looking at me peculiarly.

My eyes widened slightly, and with surprise I realized that the dragon mirrored my action. Two silver eyes became big and dilated, and she actually looked . . . Very very cute.

Is this how Hiccup saw all dragons?

Finding random words, I stammered uncomfortably, "E-except bother me . . . All day . . ." Well, normally she bothered me once a day, or once every other day. I was at loss for words (which, once again, _never _happened, but that was probably because I had hardly ever _spoken_ before Hiccup came around. It hurt to use my voice when I did speak, and I can only image how horrible it sounded when he first met me). As she slowly moved forward, I heard Hiccup murmur something that I didn't bother trying to comprehend; I was too absorbed in the dragon slowly approaching me. When I thought about it, she looked a bit like Toothless, except that her face was thinner. And she was a bit skinnier than the Night Fury (Toothless _was _a Night Fury, wasn't he?), too, and her feet were tinier and she had longer claws and teeth. Her tail had four tail-fins, two near her body and two near the end of the tail.

"Hi," I said nervously when she was right in front of me. I was extremely tempted to lean away, but for some reason I just couldn't. It freaked me out, yet I didn't move. I felt almost _frozen_, as if my feet were stuck to the ground. I like I've felt this before . . . But _when?_

Hiccup suddenly said, "She wants you to trust her." It made me suddenly explode out of that frozen feeling, and I jumped (quite a bit, I thought) as the boy stepped forward. Happy that I felt myself move, I side-stepped so Hiccup was right in front of the silver-eyed dragon.

And what happened next surprised me.

A lot.

He held out his hand, and the UnderIce, after eyeing it for a minute, finally pushed her tiny nose against his hand. I gasped with surprise and awe; this was how Toothless and Hiccup had such a strong bond. It had been obvious when they found each other down in these tunnels, and how they spoke to each other. Now Hiccup had created a new bond with the girl dragon of Depth Island.

After the white dragon quickly scuttled backwards a few steps,

Toothless had made a cooing-like sound that seemed like encouragement. She quickly responded with her casual hums, and I was surprised that I didn't hear her squeak, click, or growl. Those normally showed more of her drastic emotions.

"Looks like they're communicating," I said, giggling to myself. "How'd you _do _that? She trusts you!" I was totally in awe of Hiccup, something that I didn't like all that much.

"You have to trust them as much as they trust you." Did I trust girly over there? I didn't know. She had saved my life for, what, the third of fourth time today? I probably never saved her life . . .

Then why did she like me so much?

"I trusted her not to attack my hand," he pointed out, zoning me back into the tunnels. I knew that Hiccup didn't know the UnderIce like I did, so I still felt the need to say something.

"She wouldn't do that," I said, before realizing that I actually didn't know whether she would have attacked him or not. "I don't think, at least."

Hiccup cracked a smile. "Alright, next step is to name her."

I stuttered for a second. "N-name her?"

"So you don't have to call her 'girly' anymore." He _did _have a point. "I named Toothless when I thought he had no teeth."

I must have looked really confused, because Hiccup soon explained the whole story of meeting his dragon. It took a while, and Toothless often butted in himself, but otherwise I loved the story.

"Names are words of trust," the boy said in conclusion to his story. "So, if you have something in mind, you can name her."

I thought for a moment, tapping my chin with my finger (and I figured out all too late that it was my _bloody_ finger). A name? Well, I had only really called her "dragon" and "girly" but both didn't seem like suitable names for her. She was brave, fast, stubborn, and bothered me all day . . .

Wait a minute.

Dawn's Frost.

- - Â§ - -

"Dawn's Frost!"

The words made Hiccup jump. Blizzard had practically shouted them in his ear, and even the two conversing dragons (which was rather amusing to watch) turned their heads to look inquiringly at the blood redhead, who now had blood on her hand _and _chin.

Blue eyes sparkling with joy, the girl continued; "Dawn's Frost, that could be her name. It would be perfect!" Enthusiasm was practically coming out of her expression. "D'you like that? Dawn's Frost?"

"It's great," Hiccup assured her, making the girl beam even more.
"But you have to ask the dragon herself."

Her smile fading in nervousness, Blizzard took a few steps closer to the white-scaled dragon. "Do you like it?" she asked, compassion soaring in her voice. "I'm sorry I told you you bother me every day. You don't. And that name just seems to fit you . . ." an uncomfortable girl slowly trailed off into silence, while the UnderIce's eyes dilated and she squeaked a bit. Hiccup personally didn't hear any emotion inside her noise, but apparently Blizzard did, because she exploded.

"Yes!" came the cry from the skinny redhead. "Good girl, Dawn's Frost! You're the best!" As Hiccup watched, he saw Blizzard rush up to Dawn's Frost and hug her around her neck. A surprised hum came from the dragon, but soon both girls were happy with the embrace.

Toothless came up to Hiccup and looked at him with sad puppy-dog eyes. He purred softly, and Hiccup mirrored Blizzard's action by hugging his own dragon. As the two humans hugged their dragons, that moment seemed perfect.

Toothless and Hiccup were still best friends.

Dawn's Frost and Blizzard were newfound friends.

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I can't believe it.

_ I've found a friend, after seven years._

_ Ugh . . . Why am I so tired all of a sudden?_

_ Maybe if I ask Hiccup, we can all rest before I show him that room . . . Oh, spirits above I hate that room. But at least Dawn's Frost will be with me._

_ Hmm. I love that name, but it's kinda long. Maybe I could find a nickname for her . . . It shouldn't be too difficult . . . _

- - § - -

****Nice, relaxed ending in comparison to the cliffhanger on the previous chapter.****

****Bye! ****

****Mitti****

13. Chapter XII

****Disclaimer: Don't own How to Train your Dragon.****

****Hmm . . . I feel as if my OC has taken half the spotlight in my story . . . Poor Hiccup xD****

****Plz tell me if you think my character Blizzard has taken too much**

fame!**

-Mitti

- - Â§ - -

The day (or night; Hiccup wasn't quite sure which) had worn on after the UnderIce dragon, newly named Dawn's Frost, joined the little expedition. Blizzard had suggested they stop for a while to rest, and Hiccup had been surprised at how tired he felt after his adrenaline wore off from fighting a shadowy figurine. So, in the middle of the tunnel, with the cyan-colored crystals flickering uncertainly, the foursome had begun to fall asleep.

It seemed as if Dawn's Frost would be the last to rest. Her head was perked up, eyes wide, and her skinny tail was twitching in uncertainty. However, Blizzard matched this antsy attitude by promptly dozing as soon as she lied down a little ways away from Dawn's Frost. The dragon, however, had quietly crept over to her until they were lying back-to-back, with the dragon curling up into a tight ball and facing the tunnel's clay-like wall.

Toothless had simply lain down, and Hiccup next to him. The two assumed this position without a second thought, really; it was natural for them. They trusted one another to keep the other's life safe, so in a way it was unspoken yet understood.

If that makes any sense.

Hiccup's exhausted mind had drifted off after a minute or two of watching Dawn's Frost shuffle around. The dragon seemed extremely uncomfortable with the other three around, and even more so with Blizzard right next to her. Yet still it had been said dragon's decision to lie right next to the blood redhead . . .

At the moment, Hiccup didn't bother questioning further. As he fell asleep, his mind would soon swirl with images from the past that included meeting Toothless, his father, the other dragon riders of Berk, and . . .

Well, was there anything else to mention?

- - Â§ - -

_ The girl named me Dawn's Frost._

_ The girl called Blizzard named me Dawn's Frost._

_ . . . _

_ Okay, this is getting even more creepy._

_ After coming here I never really thought I'd need a name ever again, not after my mother named me. Besides, I was left here 'cause I was the weakest, and I wasn't expected to survive! But I did! Look at me _now,_ all you dragons who doubted me! Look and see how powerful I am now!_

_ I can even hold my breath longer than my mother could!_

_ Anyway . . . Dawn's Frost? Actually not a bad name, when I think about it, but this is just getting freakish now. How did she know? Why did she say that? I specifically heard the words 'like the dawn's frost' in her sentence. _

_ Where did THAT come from? _

_ I just wish I could forget about everything that's happened. I've spent plenty of happy years down in these lit tunnels, and I've enjoyed every minute of it! But then Blizzard comes along and names me Dawn's Frost._

_ I haven't forgotten my old name yet, but maybe I will over time._

_ Lost Dawn._

_ Dawn's Frost._

_ . . . In my opinion, the latter one has a better ring to it._

- - Â§ - -

Hiccup didn't know how long the four had been snoozing, since there was no sun or moon to determine time down in the labyrinth of tunnels. When he awoke, though, he felt as if he had been sleeping for only a few seconds. His legs and arms ached in stiffness, and his neck wasn't too different either. Stretching his arms up, the boy yawned and turned, bleary-eyed, to greet his friends.

But all he saw was one.

Blizzard was curled up in a tight ball, red hair just as messy as the day before, her eyes fluttering every few seconds. One hand was draped over her bent legs, and the other rested in the crook between her thighs and chest. Her face was content, and she seemed to be off in a dream fantasy land, because a smile occasionally tugged at her lips in the corners.

The two dragons were no where to be seen.

Hiccup stood up, still blinking and wincing when his muscles shrieked in protesting, and looked down the tunnel where they had been going. All he saw was the tunnel continuing down its path before turning to the right. The young teenager also did this with the other direction, and got the same response; looking at a silent tunnel.

Toothless would never abandon him, Hiccup knew that to the bottom of his heart. There was not a single trace of doubt in his voice as he called for his dragon, and there was confidence in his posture as he waited for a reply.

Which came in about 3.5 seconds (but hey, who's counting?).

Toothless roared back an assuring reply. Hiccup was not sure where exactly his best friend was, or what direction he would come bounding down, because the Night Fury's call bounced off the stone walls in a fast manner. The cry was reinforced with a shriek mixed with a vibrating and humming sound; Hiccup assumed this was the

UnderIce.

Or newly named Dawn's Frost.

The brunette boy turned back to his sleeping friend, and sat down, nudging her gently. Her eyes tightened for a moment, and her grip on her legs did the same. When he repeated the action, two clear blue eyes flickered open.

"Uh . . ." Blizzard groaned, before turning her gaze to Hiccup. "G'morning," she greeted as she sat up, yawning widely. "Aren't you an early bird?"

"How long have we slept?" Hiccup asked, then inwardly rolling his eyes at himself. How was she supposed to know?

"No clue," the girl said, echoing Hiccup's thoughts. "Where're Toothless and Dawn's Frost?"

"They're coming." As the two sat in comfortable silence, they heard another roar from Toothless. Blizzard's eyes brightened at the noise. "Hey, he's calling for you!" she said, pointing down the tunnel. "I bet he's over there, and Dawn's Fru - er, Frost is too." This would not be the first time the blood redhead would stutter over her dragon's name.

True to the word of Blizzard, two dragons appeared in a moment. All four eyes were bright and excited, and both the Night Fury and the UnderIce were panting. Toothless throatied his signature purr, walking over to Hiccup with dilated eyes.

"Hey, buddy," Hiccup greeted, petting the dragon on the head. "Where've you been? How long were you gone?"

His response was a chuckled noise from Toothless.

"Hey, Dawn's Fr - eek!"

Glancing at Blizzard, the boy noticed that the redhead was getting a lick from Dawn's Frost, right on her face. The girl was giggling immensely, eyes closed even after the female dragon stopped, looking at her with shining silver eyes.

The bond had already started forming.

"Hiccup?" Blizzard's voice was still all high-pitched and giddy-like; completely the opposite of what it had sounded like when the two humans had first met. "Is that normal?"

"Dawn's Frost licking you?" Hiccup queried, and when his pale friend nodded in affirmation, he shrugged. "Maybe. If that's your dragon's personality, then most likely yes."

Blizzard's ocean blue eyes widened in surprise. "M . . . my dragon?" she repeated hesitantly. "I-I don't know if she's really . . . my dragon," she added, gesturing to herself with a thin pointer finger. "She might be my friend."

"I'm pretty sure she's your friend," Hiccup pointed out, looking at the shining, dilated eyes of Dawn's Frost that were still a

brehtaking view within themselves. "She seems to like you enough, and it's only been a day, if even."

Blizzard laughed a small, quiet note. "Yeah, well, we've got a kinda strange love-hate past," she said, kicking at the ground with her bare foot. "I dunno. But anyway, I was thinking that 'Dawn's Frost' is kind of a long name. What're they called, again? When you call someone a shorter version of their name?"

Hiccup blinked, but didn't drawl out his surprise any further. She had been on an island for seven years, she had said (well, it just slipped out of her mouth, in all honesty). She probably didn't know the official term.

"A nickname?" the brunette boy suggested.

"Yeah." Two blue eyes looked up at his, confused. "But why on earth would they call it 'nick-name'?" When Toothless just throated a noise like; _'who knows?_' she merely sighed. "Ah, who really cares. Does Toothless have a nickname?"

Hiccup shook his head. "I sometimes call him bud," he admitted, while Toothless perked his floppy ears up when the last word came out of the boy's mouth. "But that's about it."

Blizzard's thoughtful gaze turned to the curious-looking Dawn's Frost. "Hmm. I know there's something else I could call you . . ." she said, tilting her head to the side. "But I suck at this kinda thing . . ."

For a moment, Blizzard simply played around with sounds. She was being very quiet, and Hiccup decided that now was the time to talk to Toothless about . . . Well, anything. There was something about the thin girl's face that made it seem like she felt very, very awkward.

While Hiccup spoke to his dragon, Blizzard kept muttering gibberish.

- - Â§ - -

This moment was one of the more critical moments in my life, even though it didn't seem like it.

_ For some reason, I was speaking the names of the spirits, which scared me later on. Yes, I learned not too long ago that they would use me, but them controlling my mind?! Seriously, I was starting to be annoyed._

_ But I spoke nonetheless._

_ And when I got to the word 'leaf' that was when the inspiration hit._

_ "Leeeeeeeeeeeaf" was exactly what had come out of my mouth. Dawn's Frost had looked at me with a sudden interest, as if she knew that would become the origin of her nickname. That UnderIce dragon is so smart, so brave and loyal . . . _

_ She's gone with me through everything._

_ And I loved her for it._

- - Â§ - -

It was out of the blood redhead's mouth before Hiccup even registered it.

Blizzard had taken a huge gasp, so both dragon and rider had turned to their friend to see what the noise was about. Both Dawn's Frost and Blizzard looked wide-eyed and excited, but it was Blizzard who spoke the word.

Most likely because Dawn's Frost, soon to be called something else much more often, couldn't speak.

"Dawny!"

- - Â§ - -

**Sorry that the chapter took so annoyingly long to update, and is annoyingly short. I'm just annoying. People I know have gotten used to it so they don't say anything . . .
.**

Buh-bye!

Mitti

14. Chapter XIII

Sry for another late update, as usual. Summer is making me very lazy and busy :P

Oh well. Thank you for sticking with it!

And by the way, I've decided not to write anything about what's going on 'round Berk cuz otherwise you would be like a mind reader! xD but seriously if I'm going to head the way I've planned, then it would spoil a bit in the ending.

Even if it is just a tiny, small portion that most likely won't matter to anyone but me . . .

Meh.

Mitti

- - Â§ - -

"Dawny?"

"Yeah, Dawny!" Blizzard was in an excited frenzy, her eyes barely grazing the figures of Hiccup and Toothless before turning back to Dawn's Frost (or now Dawny) and back again. "It fits perfectly!"

A mild smile forming on his lips, Hiccup saw Blizzard soon begin to talk her head off to her dragon. Dawny looked at her with undivided attention, showing that she was dedicated to her new owner. "It's

great," he said, as Blizzard smiled widely, her cheeks ablaze with an excited pink. "And she seems to like it."

"Yeah," the blood redhead said, turning her brightened face toward Dawny. "You hear that? You're Dawny now. I know you just got a new name and now I'm kinda changing it, but whatever. D'you like it?"

Dawny didn't understand, per se, but hummed a whimsical note that sent Blizzard off the edge with joy once again. "Yay!"

Interest sparking him once again, Hiccup watched as Dawny made a few clicking sounds in a rapid-fire manner, all sounding a bit muffled. Despite the brown-haired boy not understanding the tone that the UnderIce was speaking in, Blizzard apparently did.

"She likes it!" Blizzard cooed happily, before turning to Hiccup. "Thank you. For . . . Well, everything, I guess."

It was a time where the boy had not exactly been expecting a thank-you, but he smiled modestly nonetheless. "You're welcome. But I came here to learn about this dragon. You've shown me a lot, so I should be thanking you."

The blue-eyed girl laughed, before suddenly rushing up to him and hugging him in a very tight hug. "I'm serious. Thanks."

Despite Blizzard being thin and bony, she was quite strong when it came to a hug. Her two pale arms were wrapped around his torso, squeezing him until he couldn't exactly take oxygen into him. Breathing wheezily, he croaked out, "You're . . . Welcome . . . Again."

After she released him, Toothless slowly approached Dawny with caution lining his footsteps. The two humans watched, and as four eyes rested upon the two dragons, Dawny made a squeaky sound. Hiccup had noted the sounds the female dragon could make; clicking, humming, roaring, and now a squeal. This wasn't a native to the island of Berk, that was for sure.

Toothless throatied a happy noise, and Dawny jumped up and down, her lean figure dancing around Toothless's. The Night Fury looked mildly uncertain at her uncomplicated routine, but soon joined in the fun. Hiccup and Blizzard laughed as the dragons bounced around in an excited manner.

"Looks like they're good friends now," Blizzard said, sighing happily. "That's nice. I don't think Dawny's had a dragon friend before. But still," she added, suddenly laughing again, "I don't think I've had a human friend for my life!"

"I thought you were only here for a few years," Hiccup said, forgetting how many exact years the pale girl had been here. Had she even told him . . . ?

"Seven," Blizzard corrected, eyes shifting from the frolicking dragons (who were having loads of fun, even if they were in a tight cave) to Hiccup. "I guess I had a brother, but he wasn't very nice. And I never met anyone else besides my parents . . ." as she trailed off, the brunette boy realized there was something glazing the

brightness within her eyes.

Grief, was it?

"What happened to them?"

This time, instead of a light, enjoying laugh, the blood redhead laughed a short, cold laugh. "Why should I care. My dad and brother got sick and died. They hated me anyway. I thought I could help hunt for my mother, but when I wake up? I stranded on this damn island, curled up in a basket without even a note, blanket, or piece of food. She didn't love me."

This was the harshest Blizzard had ever spoken. "A-are you sure she wasn't trying to help you?" Hiccup ventured out. "Maybe she was sick, and didn't want you to be."

"No." Blizzard suddenly slumped against the wall, trailing herself down until she sat on the cold floor. "No, she would have told me. She left me, and when I woke up, Dawny found me."

"Dawny found you?" he asked, and when she nodded, eyes cast to the ground, he smiled. "So she did like you from the beginning."

"I'm not sure," Blizzard said, but then sighed and slowly stood up again. "But I need to ignore my stupid sadness. I don't care about it, anyway." Shaking her head as if to clear it, she added, "Besides, I need to show you why Shadow attacked us."

"Why?" Hiccup asked, interest picking up his breathing rate. "Do you know anything about him, or it?"

"How the heck am I supposed to know about a creepy shadow figure that's been trying to kill me?" Blizzard asked incredulously. "All I know is that he's trying to kill me, he hastes the spirits, and -"

"Spirits?"

A long exhale followed. "Ohh, right. Sorry, I haven't gotten that far with the story," the blue-eyed girl apologized. "D'you believe in gods?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I don't." A smirk appeared on Blizzard's face, but before explaining why she motioned for them to keep walking. "We oughta walk. We can find some food later on."

Hiccup had not realized it, but he was getting rather hungry. His stomach growled just thinking about eating.

"I don't because the spirits have been in my life. As far as I know, there are a few; Wind, Cloud, Earth, Leaf, and Ocean. I think they have a leader, but I've got no clue who." As Blizzard took the first few steps forward, Dawny broke free from her play fight with Toothless and followed suit, leaving the Viking teen and Night Fury to silently do the same.

"I was kinda down the day I found out," Blizzard admitted, her voice

thick with tangled and tacked-up emotion. "I hadn't found food for a few days. I was really careful on what I was eating, but that made my food limited to about three options." While the four walked, they meandered into somewhat of a line; Blizzard led their group, Dawny only a pace behind, while Toothless and Hiccup trailed. "I felt really sick, and I kept seeing black all over my vision." A red-haired head shook as if to clear a memory. "I actually thought, for a while, that I wouldn't get out of the tunnel that time."

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I hated admitting the truth like this. I felt so exposed, so vulnerable, yet I had no clue why. Hiccup and Toothless weren't a threat to me. They were basically my only friends, save for Dawny. I guess, in a way, I didn't like truly saying that I thought I was dying.

Because, in the truth, I was.

As my story continued, I was more and more upset with myself for seeming like one of those soft and mushy girls that I had despised, even though I only met a few in my lifetime. Another bug that was constantly nagging me throughout my tale was the fact that I was such an emotional storyteller. My voice thickened whenever a sad part came in, and my heartbeat raced when I told the top climax of my story, almost as quick and stuttering as it had been when the real thing occurred.

I was oh-so thankful for the fact that I was leading, because otherwise Hiccup would have seen the tears that welled up in my eyes, and soon began dripping from my wet eyelashes and drawling over towards my chin, feeling like broken glass and knives the entire time they scarred me with their presence.

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"Anyway, in a phase of desperation, I just decided to roam the tunnels I never had before. Even though I'd been there for what, five years? It didn't occur to me that I should explore the whole labyrinth. Part of me liked the fact that I didn't know.

"I don't wanna seem like the softie type, but I just wanted to find a safe-feeling place to . . . Ah, you get the gist. Soo, I was wandering blindly around these halls, half the time being blind from exhaustion, but I was too scared to just give up. I'd seen Dawny around these tunnels, along with a few other dragons that I didn't know, and I was actually a little nervous they might try to . . . e-eat me, y'know.

"So I kept going. It took a while, and partway there I started crying, so by the time I actually found the room I was mostly dehydrated, too. But when I found the room . . . You're going to see it soon. It was breathtaking beauty for me, on the brink of this passing out from exhaustion that I wasn't sure I would awake from. The strangest thing was, it had a table. The walls were arched super high, and it looked like this man-sculpted place. It had these stairs leading up to the rectangular table that had these six-sided small stones that were actually glowing.

"I swore I was hallucinating. I thought I was already . . . gone,

but then, as I looked right at the five tiles, I decided to tap one.

"Instantly I felt so much better. My vision was sharpened until my eyes hurt, and I heard everything until my head started hurting. I wasn't hungry anymore, and when I stood up straight I saw that the stones on the table were moving.

"One of them slid toward me, one that was glowing blue. I heard a voice, I think it was inside my head, but with my hearing so mixed up right then, I'm not really sure. Wherever it was coming from, it told me:

_"Your destiny has been chosen out of those that are of lesser importance than you. There are the immortals known as Spirits, who are to control their specified element and keep the world in wholehearted peace of nature, and the balance of humans' death and life from their mortal time. Your destiny is . . . _

"Y-your destiny is . . . I-is . . ."

- - Â§ - -

Tell him. Tell him the truth.

I can't. He can't know. He'll never treat me the same.

Why do you care? He's a stranger to you.

But he's the only human friend I've ever had . . .

So he has a right to know the truth.

But I don't want the friendship to be spoiled because of it.

Once again: why. do. you. care. What's so special about him?

. . . H-he's . . . He's just . . .

Don't be caught up in anything. He should know. He'll help you. He'll give you sympathy, something you never had. Something you've always yearned for. Something that's stared you back mercilessly in the face.

But . . . He's so . . . He's so free. He doesn't have any horrible destiny balancing on his shoulders. And he doesn't have the burden of knowing what you're supposed to do. I want to spare him from that, from what I've suffered from for a year.

Did you think your dream you had last time you slept was an illusion? How many dreams have you had that were fake? Hiccup really did go through all that; he met Toothless after shooting him down, he kept Toothless a secret from his whole island. Do you think he hasn't had a burden before?

_ Just tell him. He'll be fine with it._

. . .

- - Â§ - -

Blizzard had stuttered with her words for a moment, and Hiccup saw her feet stumble a bit as well. After a thickening silence, the blood redhead continued her story to the two dragons and brown-haired boy as if nothing happened.

"Your destiny is to save, even at the cost of your mortal life, the spirit known as Ocean. He is in danger, despite his immortal form, from a mutant spirit that is known as a Shadow. You have been chosen to be the one to defend Ocean Spirit, despite your mortality, so that the spirits may maintain balance throughout the land once again." _a shudder ran down Blizzard's spine. "Those words have been in my dreams almost every night. I have them engraved in my head by memory."

Hiccup could only gape in silent awe at her. She was . . . chosen to save a spirit? "How can you save a spirit? How can you kill Shadow?" he queried in endless confusion that swirled around in his head.

The blue-eyed girl sighed sadly. "I have no clue. The voice might tell me when we return to the room . . . and yes, we're going to the room," she added with humor when she saw Hiccup's expression of genuine surprise. "The pathway was also in my dreams. I was lucky that I was spared from a dream of the tunnels last night."

She had turned her back toward Hiccup as they continued trekking along, but he still did not miss the dip in her head after she spoke those words. Her cheeks hued in a deep shade of pink, she hastily walked forward once again, with Dawny following her quickly, humming in concern.

"Are you okay?" Hiccup asked as Toothless croaked out a worried noise as well.

"O-of course!" Blizzard waved off the question, fiddling with the hem of her shirt. "So anyway," she continued, her voice deepening into seriousness once more. "I couldn't believe what the voice was telling me. I thought I was still hallucinating. I mean, having super-sharp hearing and eyesight that was giving me a major headache? It's not exactly something I called normal.

"After the Voice spoke to me, I - I think I passed out. I'm not sure what happened, because the next thing I remember was some really sharp and high-pitched noise was in my ear and I was lying down in one of the caves. I eventually wandered back to the tunnels that I knew, but from then on . . . I guess I was never really the same. I was so _scared,_ and after I realized that I would always have nightmares, I began dreading sleep until I hardly slept at all. I also began eating whatever I could find, instead of being careful, and a few made me really sick." The blood redhead put a hand on her stomach, a mere reminder of the violent convulses her stomach and throat had made before her vomiting. "I found Dawny, and that was the start of our fights. I guess it was my fault, really, since I had become so easy to aggravate. After looking back, I realize . . ." Another shudder.

"I wasn't _myself._ I was . . . Like this . . . _Wild animal,_ or something. I just felt _feral."_ Blizzard's head had stooped down to her chest in depressed defeat, and her feet soon began trudging so slowly that their whole little gang-train became sedated. Before

Hiccup could even try to console or comfort her, she continued with her sad story. "I snapped out of it, but I soon felt so wary of my surroundings. It never really wore away." A dry laugh. "That's why I attacked you that first time. Sorry about that."

"It's okay," Hiccup said, hoping that made her feel better. After knowing her story . . . He felt rather bad, in all honesty. She had been having an internal fight within herself, and had most likely stopped talking in paranoia of something or someone hearing her, thus making her voice horribly scratchy and dry. Just as it was when he first met Blizzard.

Dawny hummed in an understanding manner, before nuzzling her in the ribcage affectionately. Blizzard sighed, before returning the gesture and petting Dawny on her scaled head. Toothless nudged Hiccup closer to the other two, before walking up parallel to Dawny and made a purr-like noise toward Blizzard.

Giggling like she was six, the aforementioned girl pet the Night Fury along with the UnderIce, but of course the two dragons had to get into a competition on who could hold the girl's attention the longest. As Dawny thrust herself towards Toothless to butt him away, he skirted out of the way before leaning closer to Blizzard, trying to edge out Dawny.

Soon her short giggles turned into all-out peals of laughter, and the blood redhead tried to calm to friendly competitive dragons but to no avail. And, Hiccup realized with amazement, this little fight seemed to draw Blizzard's attention on the dark and drab things about her "destiny" that the Voice spoke about. The two dragons had shown Blizzard that life could still have the joyous fun that always seemed to escape the grasps of the hopeless.

They just needed some help.

"They seem to be having fun, don't they?" Blizzard suddenly asked Hiccup, turning her now-shining eyes towards him. He, however, did not miss the sorrowful look behind them, and the dried tear stains on her slightly flushed cheeks. "Have you ever had fun like that?" she asked quietly, before turning back to the dragons and training her eyes on them.

"Er, actually yes." With Toothless, Hiccup had had loads of fun, even if they were forced to be in a secluded cove. "Once, when -"

He didn't get to finish.

Because Blizzard suddenly paled until her skin looked paper-white, and her deep blue eyes became wide and dilated with fear. The dragons who had still been in their little pushing competition suddenly broke off and stared at the girl with concerned eyes; two green, two silver.

As Hiccup watched in nervousness, her limbs went rigid and she froze in place, and her eyes that were exploding with nervousness were staring right into Hiccup's. Her mouth was in a pale line, and when it moved it whispered one word:

"Nightmare."

The second the word escaped from her, she seized up, squeezing her eyes shut, until finally her whole body relaxed in this terrible way, as if all feeling had suddenly escaped from it.

Stumbling, Blizzard tilted down in a swaying, precarious manner until she fell down on her chest and cheek with an ugly-sounding _crack_ coming from her chest. Dawny shrieked, and Toothless hissed in surprise as another sound came from Blizzard.

A scream of pain.

- - Â§ - -

**Do you REALLY think I'm killing off my OC? **

I had a small idea . . . What if I started actually NAMING my chapters? If I did, maybe I'd name this chapter "The Truth of a Storm".

Oh, and PS, in chapter 7 (VII) Toothless stumbled upon the cave that Blizzard is talking about. And it is NOT an error when I say there were five tiles Blizzard saw, not eight like Toothless did.

All will be revealed in due time.

-Mitti

15. Chapter XIV

Greetings, fellow humans and humanoids!

In case you're wondering, I've added "friendship" in the genres. I think that, because of the bonds of Hiccup and Toothless, Hiccup and Blizzard, Blizzard and Dawny, it feels like there are loads of friendships in here. :)

Also I apologize for the long wait, but I can't really argue against being forced to go on vacation . . . heheh . . .

Thanks for reading! Advice/criticism/praises are always appreciated!

-Mitti

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_ Stumbling, Blizzard tilted down in a swaying, precarious manner until she fell down on her chest and cheek with an ugly-sounding crack coming from her chest. Dawny shrieked, and Toothless hissed in surprise as another sound came from Blizzard._

_ A scream of pain._

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"Blizzard!" Hiccup cried in a horrified manner, immediately kneeling down next to his unconscious friend. Her face still had the pain etched all over it, yet her mouth had closed from the scream she had

emitted. Considering the cracking sound coming from her torso and her pain-filled cry, she had most likely broken a rib.

Toothless nudged Blizzard's leg, and she whimpered in what sounded like fear. Her eyes, albeit closed, were narrowed as if to shut her eyes even tighter from something that was haunting her. The Night Fury brought his nose to her leg again, and this time she shouted.

"NOO!"

The trio jumped. Dawny was the first to recover, and hummed gently as she approached the splayed-out blood redhead on the stony ground. Blizzard breathed in shaky breaths, and when Dawny made a clicking sound close to her ear, she thrashed out her arm toward the UnderIce. Said dragon flinched away.

Hiccup gulped. He had no clue what to do . . . she seemed to be unconsciously attacking them whenever they got too close. Besides, if she moved too much her ribcage - since the damage to it was impossible to wholly know - could enter a much more critical stage.

"Oh gods," the brown-haired boy said, stuttering a bit with an unstable voice. "Toothless, could you try to get her laying down on her back?"

A simple, most likely unnecessary request, yet Toothless complied with relief of at least attempting to help the injured girl. He purred soothingly, attempting to calm Blizzard enough to let him move her, but she merely muttered in a sad voice:

"Pleas . . . I'm sorry . . . I'm so . . . so sorry, Mothe . . ."

Unbeknownst to both dragons, yet noticed by a wide-eyed Hiccup, a single tear leaked out of the girl's still-closed blue eye, falling quickly down her drained-of-color cheek and dripping onto the bluish-gray stone floor.

- - Â§ - -

_ I had no clue what happened._

_ The strange, dizzy feeling of incredible hearing and sight filled me again, making my head feel as if it was to burst. Although I knew I had the undeniable miracle of that excelled vision, it was pitch-black around me as I floated in an endless abyss. I wondered if I was going to be sick (it certainly felt as if I would) until I heard it all over again._

_ The Voice._

His_ voice._

_ "Your destiny has been chosen out of those that are of lesser importance to you. There are the immortals known as Spirits, who are to control their specified element and keep the world in wholehearted peace of nature . . ." _

_ "No," I whispered, but my voice was ripped away from me as soon as it exited my mouth. I felt captured, dead. Something was wrong._

_ Very wrong._

_ I had a feeling this wasn't going to be my average nightmare._

_ As the Voice continued, I put my hands over my ears and tried vainly to shut him out. The voice swirled around me in a taunting way, continuing to drawl out what had been "written in stone" as my destiny, torturing me in the worst way._

_ Then, just as abrupt as it had come, it vanished with a whispering wind that died down after the quick gust that chased my nightmare away._

_ I expected to awaken. I vaguely remembered seeing Hiccup's shocked face when I felt the unmistakable and pronounced feelings of a nightmare coming upon my mind. I wasn't sure what had happened after I whispered the dreaded word; whether I was caught or had fallen was a mystery to me._

_ However, the opposite happened._

_ Still within the binds of my dreamlike state, a light resurrected from the darkness and shone in front of me. My feet touched the cold stone floor of the tunnels, but I saw no crystals wedged in the walls._

_ As I cautiously approached the mystical light that was miraculously shining in front of me, I noticed that it looked a lot like the sun when it shined through the least impenetrable clouds that hovered above Depth Island. Choppy rays of strained golden light filtered down from who-knows-where, but as soon as I saw the shadow I knew my nightmare wasn't over._

_ Far from it._

_ Shadow materialized from the sunlight, blocking out most of it so I could only see his faint outline. "The girl shall come," he said in his venomous killer voice. He took a step toward me, and I took one back, eyes wide. "The girl shall DIE!"_

_ He lunged. I screamed._

_ "NOO!"_

_ I wasn't sure what to think when he disappeared in a wisp of smoke. Because, unlucky me, the dying sunlight and tunnel disappeared as well. My feet's rest was soon air again, as I let my mind wander, hoping that this mirage of incidents would soon be over._

_ Hoping soon proved to be futile._

_ Next up I appeared on the beach, my senses feeling slightly more normal but nonetheless downright weird. The sand was white between my toes, and the moon shone high above the sky in a waning crescent form. The air around me felt soothing, yet had a sharp chill to it that made me know that there was something else to this vision._

_ I looked down the peninsula of the sandy beach. With the white moon as my sight, my heart jumped in my throat as I saw a small, wooden boat that looked ready to collapse by even the smallest waves. It stuck out like a sore thumb, because the soft sky and relaxed beach were peaceful, while the boat looked precarious. Dangerous, even._

_ I soon figured out why._

_ Sobs infiltrated my ears, making me flinch and seek out the crier. I did not have to search long; slumped halfway behind the boat was a figure draped in a heavy black cloak. I took a few unbalanced steps toward the strange sight, and determined that the figure was a woman from the feminine-sounding cries emitting from her._

_ I tensed up, wondering if I should help this person. She seemed to be in a sorrowful state, so perhaps she had gotten lost on her rickety old rowboat. Maybe she was going to die here._

_ Where was 'here', again?_

_ I looked around for any scenery that gave away the answer, but, not to my surprise, I was greeted with a hazy background that fitted perfectly for a dream such as this. All that was clear was the beach, the ocean, and the moon that shone dauntingly._

_ The woman stood. She could not see me; this must have happened in the past._

_ Looking up at the beach with deep brown eyes, she said with a choked-up voice, "I'm sorry, my sweet."_

_ I took a sharp inhale, not bothering to listen to the unnatural sting of pain that resulted from it. 'That's what _she_ called me . . .'_

_ "My stormy Blizzard."_

_ And without a second word, the woman sobbed a heart-wrenching cry and jumped into the ocean._

_ My eyes were wide when I saw her sink immediately. The water was much deeper than my eyes had believed. Yet that was the last thing on my mind as I realized who this woman was; with her black cloak and her big brown eyes and the softness of her voice._

_ That was when I felt tears in my own blue eyes._

_ "Please!" I screamed in the air, piercing it with a shrill voice that did not seem to belong in this dark landscape. But of course it didn't._

_ This was supposed to be a quiet death._

_ "I'm sorry!" Tears willingly flowed out of my eyes as I threw myself onto the ground, as my legs were unable to support my weight any longer. "I'm so . . . so sorry," I choked out with a strangled voice that was thick with depression. "Mother."_

_ The woman who sang me lullabies when I couldn't sleep._

_ The woman who affectionately called me 'My stormy Blizzard'._

_ The woman who abandoned me on Depth Island, and then drowned herself afterwards. Why?_

_ I had no idea._

_ The beach disappeared from my sight, but instead of leaving me into a dark and peaceful world like it usually did in between visions, I was instantly aware of a new place; a forest. The leaves on the trees were black, while the bark was the darkest shade of brown my mind could muster. The ground was dried mud and dirt, with just hints of dull green moss scattered around. _

_ I heard someone shouting in the distance, but it was droned and I could not for the life of me make out any words. The shouter was male, but did not sound like any man I knew. Not my father, brother, or Hiccup._

_ But then I saw the worst._

_ I shrieked and screamed when I saw the broken UnderIce dragon sprawled out in front of me. Tears streaked my cheeks and fell to the dead soil below as I fell straight to my knees and approached Dawny with a sickening feeling of dread churning my stomach._

_ "D-Dawny?" I whispered._

_ Two dull silver eyes, glazed and missing that breathtaking spark, gazed up at me._

_ "No, no, nononono NO!" My arm lashed out in either terror or anger. Perhaps agony, but I'd assume not. "What happened?" I sobbed, stroking Dawny's scaled head with one shaking hand. She felt cold to the touch._

_ "What's going on?" I demanded at the sky, which was invisible due to the thick cover of leaves. "WHY MUST I GO THROUGH THIS? WHAT DID I EVER DO?!"_

_ I felt as if I was stabbed when silence answered. Pain was swirling around in my head, making me feel disoriented and weak. I hated the feeling of helplessness, and as it engulfed my entire being a small enkindled flame burned within my chest. Rage made me scream out louder, even after my throat was parched and burnt from the insistent shouts. The only thing that quieted me was when the vision faded, leaving only unbearable sadness clinging to my heart._

_ But then there was something that, in a way, would seem worse._

_ As the world materialized again, I saw the same forest with the same dead look to it in the background. It made my lungs feel immense pressure, threatening to break me as I panted. My whole torso seemed to be crushed by the binding of a rope, but the feeling lifted as I saw that I was not even in the forest._

_ Thank the spirits above._

_ Not that they deserve it._

_ Rather, I was on a cliffside, staring down at the forest below me. The sun was not yet flashing its brilliant rays that I so rarely saw, as it was early daybreak. The clouds were traced with lavender and colored a rosy pink. The sky shone of relaxed and soothing colors, and was blazed with orange where the sun would soon appear into the world._

_ I glanced behind me, then did a double take and stared straight at the vast expanse of water that stretched out around me. The cliffside was the only one jutting out into this beautiful water, and had a perfect view of the waves that were crested with white at the top._

_ The water reminded me perfectly of my eyes that I saw in my mirror shard; while the water around Depth Island looked duller and more drab than my eyes, this water was crisp and clear and simply breathtaking._

_ When my mind had decided to turn back to the forest to wonder why I was here, I jumped with terror at the figure that had appeared while I gaped at the water._

_ It was me._

_ An older me._

_ I didn't look at what attire clung to my body, I rather looked at myself. This elder me was hugging her legs to her chest (which was not flat; that surprised me, even though it was an obvious thing that I should have known would happen if I grew older) and was sitting so she was staring out into the ocean that had entranced me moments ago. Elder me had the same tousled hair as I did now, but to my close observation it seemed a tad longer. Her skin was as pale as mine, but her cheeks had a hint of rosiness that I had missed last time I looked at myself. _

_ The last thing I observed was her eyes._

_ That was what tripped me up._

_ Instead of the pureness of the ocean behind me, the color that had gathered in my eyes (according to my mirror shard), was this unconcealed abyss of black. Despite the light filtering through the sky, no light reflected in those horrifying eyes. They were dulled of any look, and were half-shut as if . . . _

_ And they looked . . . _

_ Upon a closer inspection of my elder self, I noticed that my sides were not moving whatsoever. Taking a cautious step backwards, I also noticed that her facial expressions were not exactly peaceful, but rather silent._

_ She was dead._

_ She was me._

_ I was dead._

_ So I screamed._

_ I was wholly tired of screaming by now, but the new terrors kept my voice usable. However, this time no tears stained my eyes or my cheeks; hadn't I known that my destiny most likely involved my death? I should have known that I would die someday._

_ And I also knew that this was just a vision, where half of the things haunting me weren't true._

_ I stumbled backwards, but of course that was a bad idea, considering that the cliffside was ending right on my heels. Elder me was looking impassively at me - no, through me - and those empty black eyes were the last things I saw before leaning back just a bit too much and falling down into the ocean._

_ I never felt the impact._

_ But I felt a worse one._

_ Another voice, male again, was shouting something at me. It was younger, so my first guess was my brother, but he was too old for that voice . . . _

_ Until the vision fully materialized._

_ And the person was Hiccup._

_ I shrieked when I saw Hiccup; distraught green eyes, usually full of optimism and comfort, were narrowed at me with hatred. I was greatly taken aback; I never even knew he could harbor such an expression. His freckled face was stained with tears, which made me feel as if I was falling all over again._

_ I didn't bother questioning where we were. All that mattered was that Hiccup, the kind boy that had been willing to be my first and only friend, officially hated me._

_ And I had no clue why._

_ What was also different than any nightmarish vision, was that he could see me. The full me, the one who just wanted to get out of these relentless terrors._

_ The words he threw at me were mixed, but his tone was perfectly clear. I shrunk down, trying to enter helpless pleas._

_ "I don't know what you're talking about!" I cried, feeling the tears that hadn't come when I saw myself on that cliff coming. As they spilled over my cheeks, I saw Toothless in a blurred haze next to his rider._

_ It was clear that he just as furious as the brunette boy._

_ When Hiccup finally finished his shouting in anger at me - one of the very few things that would be able to snap my heart into a thousand pieces - Toothless stepped forward in a stoic way, his eyes narrowed into the narrowest slits I had ever seen in a dragons' eyes._

_ Arching his neck, Toothless, usually so mellow and gentle, was now

ready to kill, and that scared me down to the bone. He opened his mouth, blue fire gathering, before spitting the white-hot plasma directly at me._

_ I yelped in pain, but maybe it was a bit of heartbreak too._

_ As I saw the two turn to walk away, I cried out, "Hiccup, Toothless, PLEASE!" tears ran swiftly down, making the fire hiss whenever they dripped off my chin. I felt my skin peel around my legs, arms, and torso, but the pain was dulled to just an ache._

_ An ache of pain, and an ache of my heart that was still lying dead in my chest, making me feel truly lost and gone from the world._

_ Then, thank the spirits (but they _still_ didn't deserve it) a wind came and whisked the fire away. The pain disappeared with it, but my heart still felt crushed and I had trouble breathing._

_ Of course, the next wouldn't help._

_ Why was this world so hellbent on killing my heart and soul?_

_ I was on an island that I didn't recognize, not even from the other nightmares. It had a pretty, jade-green forest consisting of mostly pines and spruces. The air tasted damp, looked foggy, and felt like a knife's blade of cold._

_ Which meant something was wrong._

_ I tensed myself up, wondering what could be worse than what I had already seen; my mother, drowning in the very ocean I was said to protect; my dragon dead from an unknown cause; me, dead; my two closest friends hating me._

_ But naturally there was something else._

_ I let out a guttural cry of despair, since screaming was impossible to create with my exhausted voice. However, screaming felt like a perfect idea when I saw the next thing to haunt me._

_ And this would never be erased from my mind._

_ Hiccup, lying in the middle of the forest, on the ground, twisted in an unnatural way._

_ With a trickle of blood coming out of his mouth._

_ Tears gushed up and raced out of my eyes as I stumbled toward him. "NO!" I cried, my voice sounding clogged. "W-what . . . what's going on . . ." I muttered as I delicately put my finger up to Hiccup's throat._

_ No heartbeat._

_ "No," I whispered, leaning closer to the now-pale boy. His green eyes were closed, and he had several scars with dried-up blood crusted around them; one on his forehead, one on his cheek, one on his chin._

_ Brushing his bangs away, I noticed that the one on his forehead was

still bleeding just a bit. It looked deeper than the others that marred his hands and neck, since those were the only ones visible to me. I assumed he had many on his torso and legs as well._

_ Tears still fell from my eyes as I inspected the wound. Although this was a dream, I felt the unbearable straps of depression and shock wrapping me up until I could do nothing but sob next to his still, cold body._

_ "I'm sorry." I was trembling. "I'm so sorry, H-Hiccup." I looked once more to his silent face. "I know you had such a g-good life, with your father soon accepting you, Toothless, your . . . f-friends, your real friends that would never let anything like this happen to you."_

_ A flash was gone as soon as it had come._

_ I leaned, once more, closer to the boy, my tears dripping down onto his face. "She loves you."_

_ I had hardly been able to address the quick picture in my mind, or the "flash". A blonde girl, looking about twenty, was sitting next to a brunette that I wrote off as Hiccup. I only saw their backs, but from the way they were sitting on a ledge - similar to the one that I saw myself dead on - they were obviously closer than your average friends._

_ Those must have been the magic words, because as soon as they slipped past my lips the world turned dark again, and soon I couldn't take it any longer._

_ This time, for the first time in my life, I screamed out of agony for someone else. The wish to take me instead of him. This unbearable feeling that strangled me._

_ And then I opened bleary, tear-stained eyes to see the top arch of the Depth Island tunnels. I didn't thank the spirits._

_ Because they don't deserve thanks._

_ Or anything else._

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Blizzard slowly opened her eyes.

The cold, bluish stone floor greeted her for a moment, before the pain did.

Groaning, the blood redhead clutched her side and looked around in a slow, drugged manner. The last thing she remembered was dark spreading out over her vision, making the view of Dawny, Toothless, and Hiccup disappear.

Why was she on the ground?

Where was everyone?

The attempt to sit up was futile, so Blizzard simply had to lay there vulnerably, wondering where her companions were. Last time she had

been conscious, everyone had been there and she had been standing.

Had she fallen?

Had someone caught her?

She had no clue.

"Hello?" wincing at how pathetic she sounded, the blue-eyed girl looked towards the wall of the cave. It looked an arm length out of reach, so she slowly inched towards it, pain making her dizzy with every movement. When she reached said stone wall, she awkwardly trudged herself up it until she was in a very clumsy sitting position that still made the right side of her ribcage sting with pain.

"Hiccup?" she had half-expected an answer, but only the monotone glowing of the crystals jammed in the walls answered her. "Toothless?" ditto the former reaction.

"Dawny?" Surely, the UnderIce wouldn't leave her for too long? Of course they hadn't been best friends for too long, but already Blizzard felt a bond that she hoped would never be broken.

However, it was certainly frazzled, as everything was, after this nightmare that seemed to reach the top of her "terrible" list. Normally a nightmare like this just involved herself being attacked by something unknown, or the Voice telling her that her destiny was "more important than the other mortals". Blizzard hated listening to that.

After a moment of silence, she focused on taking deep breaths. For some reason, inhaling hurt much more than exhaling, but she assumed that if she could make it hurt less when she took a deep breath, it would already be on its way to healing (whatever needed to be healed, that is).

The events happened at the same time.

The blood redhead took a daring course; she dramatically breathed in, pain searing her torso, until something made a clicking noise.

That was what freaked her out; she actually made a _clicking noise._

"I thought that was Dawny's job," she muttered, but sighed with relief when the pain ebbed away slowly. "I guess I didn't break anything, then . . ."

Since when did she talk to herself?

She didn't answer; a roar did.

Eyes alighting with either remembrance or joy, Blizzard took another deep breath before shouting, "TOOTHLESS!"

A familiar, warm roar echoed once again to her ears, still making her a little nauseous after her mind-whirling adventure of visions. The only thing that disappointed the aforementioned girl was that no loud

hum followed the Night Fury's cry, and no human shout bounced around to her head.

Toothless must be alone.

As soon as the black-scaled dragon bounded into view, Blizzard made an attempt at standing, one that she partially completed. She was rather pathetically slumped against the wall on her left side, facing the bounding dragon racing towards her and also keeping all weight off of her right side.

"Toothless," she breathed with relief when the Night Fury, gaze warm and caring, appeared. Blizzard had almost been frightened to see how he looked at her; with either compassion or fury. She was ecstatic to see it was the former.

"Where's Dawny and Hiccup?"

If there was such thing as a mood swing, this was one. Toothless lowered his gaze, looking forlornly back behind his shoulder - and where Blizzard had been leading everyone before her nightmare appeared.

That room.

The Spirit Room.

"They already went over there?" If a dragon could nod, the girl assumed that this was one. "How? I knew Dawny knows the way, but . . ." being bashful, she did not want to add _but I thought she would wait for me._

Toothless looked up at her with sad eyes. "What?" no response. _Of course not, you idiot. He can't speak, he's a dragon._

"Is she okay?" a slight panic fluttered in her chest as Blizzard attempted to stand up taller, only have the dull ache in her torso keep her hunched down. "Is Hiccup?"

Toothless looked back where he had come from and growled.

"I'll take that as a 'no'," she muttered. "Where are they?"

The dragon jerked his head, motioning 'down the tunnel'.

An idea popped into Blizzard's head. "If I do this, I'm crazy," she muttered, before looking Toothless square in the eye. "I need to try something. I've done it before, but . . ."

At this point the Night Fury looked ready to try anything. She puffed breath out of the corner of my mouth, before slowly leaning closer to Toothless.

Well, he should already know your insane. Might as well show that you're a little more off the deep end.

Embarrassed but not giving up, Blizzard ducked her chin down and pushed her forehead forward in a simple, agile motion. To her relief, the dragon didn't move as her red bangs and forehead pressed against his black-scaled one. For a moment nothing happened, and different

thoughts coursed through their heads.

What's she doing?

_ It's not working? Why not?_

Of course, then "it" worked.

Feeling a zap on her forehead, Blizzard focused on the energy that was flowing from Toothless. Squeezing her eyes shut, she noticed that a few images, albeit blurry, had slowly come to form in her mind.

Images out of a _dragon's_ point of view.

"Focus," she muttered quietly to the dragon, who offered no response.

The tunnels. Dawny. Hiccup. Quick, choppy pictures flashed in the girl's mind. _Shadow. Knife. Dawny's flame. Hiccup unconscious. Running alone. _

Blizzard gasped, lurching herself away from Toothless. Said dragon had a look of discomfort on his face, but his eyes were closed tightly and his body was tensed, as if he saw the memories that he had passed to the girl.

Panting, she finally stuttered out, "You mean . . . Shadow attacked you . . . And he _got a hold of Dawny and Hiccup?!"_ her voice was shrill with fear, but unbeknownst to Toothless she just felt her nightmare had a chance of coming true. She never saw Toothless lying motionless on the ground.

Toothless opened his eyes, which were full of anger. Luckily it did not seem to be directed at the blood redhead, as he answered her question with a growl.

"W-we need to help them!" Blizzard cried. "You have _no idea_ what Shadow will do!" In vain, she tried to stand up again, but grunted again when the throb still got to her. "Ow," she muttered, before cautiously leaning off the wall. Her shoulders were hunched over, but when she tried to straighten them a sharp pain tugged at her. She looked down at her torso with a look of rage.

"Someday I'll be the end of myself." the words scared her a bit as soon as they left her lips, but she chose not to show it and tried to take a few hobbling steps toward Toothless, who was eyeing her encouragingly. When her right foot landed, she froze, hovering in what looked like an uncomfortable position.

"Can you help me?"

Toothless complied immediately, and positioned himself on her right side so she could use him as a support. A memory flashed in his mind; he was on the left, assisting Hiccup in walking across the creaky wood floorboards of his house, when he had just awoken after the battle with Red Death. Blizzard felt the memory and flinched, but pushed it out of her mind as she tried to continue forward.

It was agonizingly slow. "I don't think we'll ever be able to save

them at this rate," Blizzard said sadly, trying to force herself to go faster. "B-but I can't . . . go any . . ." coughs and pants juttred her sentence into a choppy mess.

An idea struck her.

Well, technically it struck Toothless, but after her mind connecting with his their bond was still in affect, causing them to see in one another's minds for a bit. Why or how this happened, Blizzard had no idea; one day it had just come to her.

"I-I ride you?" her voice was squeaky with surprise. Toothless, eyes dilated and excited, nodded, his ears flopping as he did so. The girl gulped. "O-okay."

Gingerly swinging her right leg over him (and also cringing whilst doing so) she hesitantly set her weight down on the leather saddle. It looked a little scratched up, but considering what they had been through it wasn't looking half bad. Her feet instantly found the proper setting, but unfortunately her left foot was useless for the controller that was built for a prothetic foot. Her right foot was awkwardly positioned atop the other one.

"Sorry if I can't help you fly," Blizzard apologized. "I hope you can run."

The last image of Toothless's mind flashed into Blizzard's; it was him, running through the forest with a racing mind, but in the present one thought appeared overall.

I'm a Night Fury! Of course I can!

- Â§ -

****Disclaimer. On basically everything.****

****How was Blizzard's dream? That was a ****_**killer**_**** to write.
:p****

****I'm going on vacation again soon (UGH) but I'll try to keep updates, well, up-to-date!****

****Mitti****

16. Chapter XV

****I'm baack~!****

****Yes, I'm back from vacation with a sunburn on my shoulder that huuuurts . . . :(and I have an inspiration for a new story! Hee hee, I'm a happy Mitti!****

****Oh yes, in case any of you are wondering this is NOT going to be a HiccupxOC story. Sure, Blizzard has a (small) crush on Hiccup, but honestly just about a MILLION girls have crushes in this world. So yeah, sorry if I'm disappointing anyone with that news, but I prefer people that have already been portrayed to be in a relationship to stay that way. ****

****Sorry for the rant! The main thing is that I'm back!****

****Please review!****

****I don't own anything.****

****Mitti****

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_ "Sorry if I can't help you fly," Blizzard apologized. "I hope you can run."_

_ The last image of Toothless's mind flashed into Blizzard's; it was him, running through the forest with a racing mind, but in the present one thought appeared overall._

_ I'm a Night Fury! Of course I can!_

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Toothless panted with adrenaline as he dashed towards the Spirit Room. Every racing step he took made Blizzard's nervousness increase until she felt like a jumbled mess of fear. She remembered the words she had spoken to the Night Fury when she realized who had Hiccup and Dawny.

_ "W-we need to help them! You have_ no idea_ what Shadow will do!"_ what she hadn't added was '_to get to me'_ because in her mind it hadn't been necessary. That Shadow was a terrifying creature that acted as if his whole purpose was just to get to Blizzard.

And kill her.

Apprehension gnawed at Blizzard's stomach again when she remembered her injury. She had inspected her torso and to her relief she only had a bruise and a small scrape, so therefore her poorly-sewn tan shirt had a spot of blood where the cut had appeared. She was grateful that she wouldn't pass out from blood loss, but since she was still crippled from her hurt ribcage a question that caused most of this nervousness.

How the HECK was she supposed to help Hiccup and Dawny with this injury?!

With Toothless's fast and bumpy running pace, Blizzard's side kept getting throttled, shooting sharp pains up her side. Clutching her side with her right hand, she quickly took out the mirror shard from her pant pocket, a sense of reassurance washing over her.

At least she still had her "knife".

"I think we're almost there, Toothless," the redhead said in a relatively even tone, despite her erratic breathing. "When we get there we should stay low. I'd assume Shadow's waiting for us, especially if you just dashed outta there."

Toothless let out a low growl, and Blizzard placed her hand comfortingly on his forehead. "He'll be fine, and if you're even worrying about Dawny she's got a stubborn personality," she said,

trying to joke and lighten the mood. "But Hiccup's gonna be fine. He defeated that monster of a dragon queen, didn't he?"

Even after her words Toothless's pace didn't stop or slow down, but even so he let out a sad-sounding throated noise, indicating that he was comforted.

"Awesome." Blizzard looked up at the long tunnel ahead. The glowing crystals had slowly been missing from the walls until the only light was at the end of this long tunnel.

The Spirit Room.

The Voice still haunted her, but this time Blizzard felt a small fire of pure determination alit within her still-throbbing chest. In a rare moment, she lost the nervousness and smirked.

"I'll beat you both," she said, before the unusual (for her, at least) expression turned serious.

"Shadow and Star." the last name was spit out like venom.

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Hiccup's head was pounding. His whole body felt sore, and his heartbeat felt like it was going to shatter his ribcage. Every time he took a gasping breath in, pain racked both his lungs and his head, causing a dizzying headache.

The dilemma had passed in what felt like seconds. He had been awkwardly trying to wake up the out-cold Blizzard, who was still crying silent tears through closed eyes, when Dawny had suddenly been on edge and bolted down the tunnel.

Blizzard still looked like she was in pain, but Hiccup had decided it was best to investigate what had made Dawny so jumpy all of a sudden. Besides, it didn't sound as if the UnderIce dragon had dashed far; he could still hear her steps in a steady pattern, headed away.

Beckoning Toothless, the duo quickly caught up to Dawny, unfortunately the reason being that she was standing rigid, long claws dug into the stone ground, growling at the dreaded cloaked figure.

Shadow.

The threesome had not even stood a chance when the glowing crystals' flames died. Hiccup had felt Toothless crash into the wall, making him fall off the dragon and land on the cold floor. He heard Toothless's roar, Dawny's shriek, and a hissing sound worthy of a horror movie.

And then he blacked out.

The strange thing was that Hiccup specifically did not remember him being injured whatsoever, though just as his mind slipped past consciousness he remembered one of the dragons breathing angry fire directed at, most presumably, Shadow, but he had not stayed awake long enough to find out.

Why was he injured?

Where _was_ he?

Struggling with his eyes to open, the freckled boy also tried to hone in his hearing for a sound. When no success answered his ears, he finally put enough effort into opening his eyes, and as they did so in an exhausted manner, his mouth dropped open and he realized that this may possibly be the strangest situation he had ever woken up in.

Some sort of dark, floating magic was keeping him plastered to the wall in an unceremonious sitting position, surrounding his wrists like shackles, keeping his hands right at the cobblestone-like wall. It also kept his feet in a loose chain-like string of the wavering magic, which had an origin somewhere through the wall.

The cave's wall.

_Odin's beard, _ this cave was _huge!_

Eyes wide with a still-slack mouth, Hiccup's eyes trailed the huge arching walls that had the same look as the Depth Island tunnels, crystals and all, but seemed more grand when creating this flawless dome. The floor seemed almost clay-like, due to its pale bluish color and dried feel, while small cracks were dashed around, making the green-eyed boy assume that this room was very old.

On the edge of the magnificent cave was a raised area, reached by smooth, rectangular stairs. An altar sat alone, not too far away from where the stairs reached. Two heavy stone slabs supported the wide table that seemed to have one of the glowing jewels on it. When Hiccup arched his neck up high enough, he could see small stones on the table as well.

Despite the mesmerizingly simple design of the place, his vision quickly snagged on a something moving in his peripheral vision.

He gasped.

"Dawny?"

Two surprises here; his rough, tired-sounding voice that was painful to use, and the UnderIce dragon lying limp on the other side of the cave, the same scary yet mystique magic around her. Since her face's width was hidden because of her position, her head looked almost identical to Toothless's - minus the color and her stiffer ears. Her wings were still tucked against her body like the first time the two had met.

In response to his raspy call, Dawny lifted her head and squeaked in surprise when she saw it was him - or rather, him awake. She clicked once, twice, three times, before throating a high-pitched, quickly-paced noise that almost sounded like the call of a bird.

"Where are we?"

Dawny blinked, and with a jolt of surprise Hiccup realized that her

big silver eyes had lost a bit of that classic sharpness and beauty. Her eyelids were hanging just ever so slightly over her eyes, making her look very sleepy.

"Where's Toothless?" with a squirm of worry inside his gut, the brunette boy quickly looked around the room once again. Nothing had changed; there was the raised level with the altar on it, the walls, the floor, the entrance . . .

The entrance!

At least there was a way out of here.

Struggling against the dark magic, Hiccup narrowed his eyes at the mysterious floating presence. It reminded him of shadowy water.

Shadow.

The name once again became the top thought of the boy's mind, and his eyes widened further when he realized this was that . . . _creature's_ doing.

"Dawny!" a rather loud call made Dawny tilt her head. Her gaze had not left him, so why would he sound so panicked?

"Dawny, it's -"

"You've discovered me, boy."

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Dawny snapped her head towards Shadow, who was appearing from behind the stone altar. Hatred radiated off of her skin, making her feel very hot and uncomfortable, but still overall irate. She did not like this man.

No, she did not like this _thing._

She had felt his mind and his very simple thoughts, and she was positive that he was the enemy. The cloaked figure plotted to use them as bait to get to Blizzard, the snappy yet caring young teen. Why he was so obsessed with finding the girl, Dawny did not know, but she did know that Blizzard had an important part in the story of this world.

From what she had picked up from the girl herself, she was connected to the Ocean Spirit because she was supposed to save it. Perhaps that was why the silver-eyed dragon had been drawn to her in the first place, when she rested in that small wicker basket.

Of course, that was not the reason why Dawny had grown so attached to this girl. The true reason for their friendship was because Dawny trusted her. She seemed to have this wary but strong and kind aura around her. She would occasionally snap at the boy that lay bound by the dark magic as well, but it was just a part of her.

And she cherished the little redhead for it.

But when she felt the thoughts of this Shadow creature again, she was

instantly more horrified than before. Feelings could flow through minds as easily as a breeze, but actual images were harder to decipher. However when one felt strongly about something, an image was a very common occurrence.

Although now Dawny wished it wasn't.

She pushed the picture out of her head, because it wouldn't do good to dwell on such. Besides, Blizzard was not dead with Shadow's blade in her chest.

. . .

Right?

Feeling weak with worry gave her a new fire as she arched her sore back and hissed at Shadow, who turned his "face" to her.

"Ah, dragon," he said, his voice holding a mocking tone. "You must be worried about your precious girl. And I would assume your special Night Fury friend as well."

"Where are they?" the boy, Hiccup, spoke up, his eyes narrowed with pure dislike, but Dawny could pick up a trace of fear in his mind.

Fear not for himself.

Fear for them.

Obviously, she chastised herself. He's closer to that dragon than anyone else.

"Somewhere close," Shadow replied in his rather freaky voice, waving the question off nonchalantly. "I would most likely assume that she would not leave her precious friends."

Dawny growled deep in her throat. He seemed to only talk of Blizzard! Did he purposefully let Toothless go from that chaotic darkness to assist the injured girl to come quicker?

Actually that seemed like clever planning on his part.

Dawny cursed him to the depths.

"The girl shall come," Shadow said, before cackling in a low and scary tone. "And she shall die, before the rest of you."

Dawny felt the magic restricting her, including her fire. She had no intention of trying to blow him to smithereens, despite how appealing it sounded, until she saw a flash of red and black near the entrance of the cave.

Toothless.

Blizzard.

She did not risk another glance. Whether Shadow could read her thoughts or not, another look - no matter how discreet - would seem suspicious. If they were smart in any means, Dawny prayed, then they

would try to take that vermin by surprise, and not just charge in there. That was almost suicide.

Still, she knew they needed Shadow to be distracted. To help, she arched her neck until she had mustered enough strength to blast a blue-rimmed fire ball that exploded into ice upon impact.

Hurry, B, Dawny thought desperately as she recoiled to fire again. Her energy drained her body quicker than she anticipated, but she was willing to fire again and again if it meant freedom for her and the boy. His thoughts had been clouded with feelings of guilt and loneliness, and she had caught images of people she had never seen before. Most specifically was a very big man and a blonde girl.

_Hurry and get us outta here. _

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I gave an inaudible gasp when I saw Hiccup and Dawny, imprisoned by this creepy black magic. Toothless didn't seem any more relaxed than I was, but my blood boiled when I saw Shadow address the two of them.

"Ah, dragon." his voice filled with smugness, and I had the urge to stab him with my mirror shard, but I settled with slipping it into my hand as he continued talking to Dawny, _my_ best friend.

"You must be worried about your precious girl. And I would assume your special Night Fury friend as well," he said, and I saw Toothless shift his weight beside me. I rested my hand on his forehead, since I was still settled on the leather saddle on his back. Had we not been in this situation, I would've praised Hiccup for his craftsmanship.

"Where are they?" Hiccup piped up, and my heart twisted with pity at the sight of him. His clothes were bedraggled and his eyes were glazed with tiredness, but were narrowed at the cloaked figure standing near the altar with the Spirit Stones.

I shuddered.

"Somewhere close. I would most likely assume that she would not leave her precious friends." Oh, so now it was about _me?_ How great. But still, it seemed like he either knew me better than I thought, or he just went off on a guess, knowing that humans could grow special connections with other humans and not want to let them die.

Shadow wasn't human, but sometimes he thought like one. A very devious and evil one, but still.

I cursed him to the depths.

My eyes caught a very subtle movement next to Shadow; his withered sleeve or hand or _whatever it was_ had carefully reached out to the altar and where the stones were resting. I inhaled sharply, and Toothless seemed to notice my panic. I could not explain it, though, so I simply prayed he was not grabbing a certain stone as he spoke again.

"The girl shall come." his cackling reached my ears as he retracted his arm back to his side, taking something with it.

"And she shall die, before the rest of you."

That set Toothless off. He tensed up and shook himself roughly, forgetting that I was on his back. With my lurching stomach, I hurtled off of him, but realized that I was vulnerable to being spotted and quickly retreated with Toothless by my side, silently giving me an apology.

Holding my breath and clutching my side, I leaned back closer to the stone "doorway" where I saw that Hiccup was oblivious by my stumble, and thank the world (there, I like that better than thanking the spirits) that Shadow also missed it. Dawny seemed unfazed, but in a split second I knew she had spotted me.

Oops.

I turned to Toothless with a look of _how can we get them out of there?!_ before a dangerously low humming reached my ears, sounding almost like a deadly melody ringing throughout the world. A shiver ran down my spine, but my eyes widened with utmost relief when Dawny stretched up, opening her mouth and showing her teeth for the smallest moment before fire flew from her throat.

A direct hit on Shadow.

The fire shattered into ice as soon as it hit him and the altar, making the air steam with the intense turn of hot-to-cold. I instantly noticed the opening, and looked to Toothless. His gaze answered mine.

In a rather graceful moment for myself, I was able to swing my leg over the Night Fury just as he took off running. The room was big enough for us to take a few steps before we had to decide who to head for first.

"Dawny," I whispered to Toothless's ear, which twitched in response. She had fired several more times, but I could see the effort it was costing her. I directed the dragon to veer to the right, which he complied to within a second. I prepared myself to jump off and cut that evil magic restricting Dawny when I heard Shadow's dark, evil, _knowing_ cackle.

"Your plan to escape is futile, girl," Shadow said, and I gnashed my teeth in anger. I mean, HELLO, Toothless is _right here!_

But then again I doubt he cares.

My gaze didn't waver as I hopped off Toothless, before shouting to him, "Stop Shadow, and if ya can get Hiccup!" he roared, before moving out of my vision. I wasn't sure if he would be able to break the dark magic, and in all honestly I wondered if I could either.

Maybe I was just being reckless.

I shook my head briefly before approaching Dawny's side. It was too late for regret, after all. "Hey, Dawny," I said breathlessly,

bringing my mirror shard to one of the magic wisps along the dragon's back. "Tell me if this hurts."

I struck it.

For a second, nothing happened and the glinting shard just rested against the magic. I blinked in surprise, before the magic shot out at me and I was blown backwards, Dawny shrieking in surprise.

When I hit the ground I had the breath knocked out of me. My vision blacked for a second, but I quickly sat up despite my harsh breathing. With Shadow, you couldn't dare rest a moment too long, because a moment is all he needs to execute his plan.

I heard his cackling as Toothless bounded over to me, nudging my shoulder and urging me to get up. "Give it up, dragon," Shadow mocked, and I saw him move towards us, almost floating over the stone stairs. "You can not win against me."

I slowly tried to stand up, but when my foot staggered underneath me the creature near me saw my blunder and swiftly brought out his knife.

"TOOTHLESS, RUN!" The words escaped my lips too late, and before the poor dragon could fire at or attack Shadow that demonic creature had already wrapped him up in the same dark magic with a whip of his hand. It spread from his tail to his head, making his body tighten until he was throating a weak, pain-filled sound. He tumbled to the ground, his eyes clouded and glazed.

"Toothless!" the cry came from Hiccup, who I had forgotten was still there. His gaze was desperate as he tried to fight the impossible restricting magic. He looked terrified at the whole ordeal, and I could not imagine how he must be feeling, watching his friends in this hopeless battle that was sure to kill us all.

In that split-second when I spotted my green-eyed friend Shadow had reached me. His frighteningly cold hand closed around my throat, creating the hugely painful feeling of being choked. I opened my mouth and let out a strangled, weak cry, but he just cackled darkly and raised his knife. My heart skipped a beat.

"You should not be alive any longer," Shadow hissed. "But I shall allow you to say last words to your friends before you and they are killed. It will be fun to hear them, after all."

I glared at him with all the hatred I could put into my eyes. He mockingly glanced at Dawny, who had been imprisoned by more dark magic, almost engulfing her entire being. Her silver eyes looked at me with a desperate look.

His grip loosened ever so slightly on my throat, but I knew that wouldn't last long. "Dawny," I croaked. "I'm sorry."

Dawny gave out a small sound that could be compared to the whimpering of a baby wolf. Tears welled in my eyes when I saw how helpless I was to protect her.

"Toothless?" two big green eyes met mine and I smiled sadly. "Thank you." he didn't respond, only shifted his eyes to land on Hiccup, and

my eyes did the same.

"Hiccup," I said, tears threatening to blur my vision. "I know I shouldn't have gotten you caught up in anything, and I shouldn't have entered your mind that one night, even though it was accidental . . ." I trailed off as his brow furrowed with confusion. I was about to continue but something stopped me.

For a moment I felt the smallest notion of a ghost of a hand land on my cheek comfortingly, somehow making the world slow and the pain relax. I felt breath near my ear as I heard a small whisper come from thin air.

"Remember the light."

It was a spirit.

A true spirit.

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The fragile, soft-spoken spirit reached out her hand towards the young girl's cheek. She knew she should not be here, for this was against the rules that the leader one had surely instructed her.

_ But how were they to fix this all? This girl was connected to them, she would have heard from the other spirits sooner or later._

She brought her delicate face towards the girl's ear, and felt the girl relax with her presence. Shadow could not see this spirit; since she was new, he did not know to acknowledge her presence. Besides, she was not in her true form.

_ "Remember the light," the spirit whispered into her ear. The girl had an astonishingly good memory, and for sure she would not forget the night when she entered the boy's dream of his life. She would not forget about the light that had radiated from her and settled down inside him._

_ "You have not had a dream that is not unreal, yes?"_

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The spirit left me.

And everything clicked.

On the night when the four of us had slept in the tunnels, I had been taken back to the story of Hiccup's, well, life. Near the end, just before I woke up, I had seen him sitting on a ledge that dropped away to the choppy ocean below. I was standing behind him, but I could not move and was shocked to silence when a glowing light had exited from either my forehead or my eyes - I had been blinded for a moment so it was impossible to tell.

When the glowing orb of light had stripped itself from me, I felt strangely vulnerable, as if I was lost without a weapon. I did not understand it as it floated amicably over to Hiccup's backside, soon melting into him and disappearing from view. I barely had time to think before Hiccup was waking me, and we were back in the tunnels. I

had been too weirded out to question if something had ever happened to him, or if he dreamed it too.

Now I understood what the light was. That feeling of security it gave me? The way it had gone into Hiccup now made me understand the seriousness of it all.

I opened my mouth, and four pairs of eyes laid on me, expecting another "I'm sorry".

They wouldn't get that.

"HICCUP! YOU CAN GET FREE!"

Shadow noticed that I was telling my friend something important, so he tightened his grip on my throat and raised me until my feet were dangling off the ground.

"PUSH OFF THE WALL! USE THE LIGHT!"

With that one more sentence leaving me breathless, I wasn't able to see the realization dawning on Hiccup's face as black crept across my vision and made me go limp.

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"That was clever on your part."

_ The newest spirit, the soft-spoken one, blinked in surprise at the elder spirit. "It was against your wishes," she murmured quietly, glancing at the havoc that wreaked in the Spirit Room. "But if the girl is not to die of the Shadowed One's hands, she needed the guidance."_

_ The leader glanced over to the boy, who looked as if a million thoughts were racing through his head. "And you trust that the boy will be able to carry out this knowledge and break free?"_

_ "If not, then all hope is lost unless we interfere more."_

_ The spirit sighed. "Interference is not wise," he said, voice lowered. "It leads to too much conflict. The boy should not know of our presence."_

_ "He already does, however," the quiet spirit pointed out. "The girl told him about us."_

_ "But he does not and should not know that we are able to prevent things in the mortal world," the spirit countered in a strong voice. "However, if it will help him defeat the Shadowed One, then perhaps we should give him insight on the Light that the girl speaks of."_

_ The fragile one nodded slowly in understanding. "Why do we not address her as her mortal name?" she queried as the elder spirit turned away to leave. "It would be easier to decipher who we speak of."_

_ He gave her half a smile. "Mortality is not among us. Names are of no importance." two black eyes shifted to the situation in the cave. "Go advise him," he said, his voice full of wisdom as he turned away.

"You have proven yourself."_

_ The new one smiled softly. "Thank you, Star."_

_ "You are most welcome, Leaf."_

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****The story's finally coming to a close.****

****Mitti ****

17. Chapter XVI

****The climax chapter hath arrived.****

****Sorry about my so-called "fight scene" in the previous chapter; I'm terrible at those xP****

****So therefore sorry about the so-called "fight scene" in the current chapter.****

****Disclaimer.****

****Mitti****

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_ I opened my mouth, and four pairs of eyes laid on me, expecting another "I'm sorry"._

_ They wouldn't get that._

_ "HICCUP! YOU CAN GET FREE!"_

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_ "PUSH OFF THE WALL! USE THE LIGHT!"_

_ With that one more sentence leaving me breathless, I wasn't able to see the realization dawning on Hiccup's face as black crept across my vision and made me go limp._

- - § - -

Hiccup stared, horror-stricken, when Blizzard's eyes rolled to the back of her head and her shoulders slumped, leaving her arms dangling. The mirror shard slipped out of her hand and landed on the floor with a loud clatter, making Dawny shriek and start thrashing from within her magic constraints, while Toothless roared in either panic or anger.

Shadow chuckled darkly, his grip on the blood redhead's throat loosening. "Foolish girl," he snarled before tossing her carelessly to the side.

"Blizzard?!" Hiccup cried, looking desperately at his friend. Relief

washed over him when he saw the faint rise of her chest, but it was too erratic to mean anything good.

Push off the wall . . .

Use the light . . .

What light?

What did she mean?!

The brown-haired boy looked over at Toothless, who was strewn on the ground not too far from the fallen girl. His tense muscles indicated that he was desperately trying to move closer to her, but Shadow's magic seemed to be getting more powerful by the minute as he strode towards the altar again, intentions unknown to the three in the room (that were conscious).

Hiccup knew that all hope would be lost if he didn't somehow get free of the magic. He tried pulling his wrists away from the wall, only to have them twitch in response. He could move his foot and prothetic, but they had a limit to how far they could go. Panic fluttering in his chest, his eyes flashed to Shadow to Blizzard to Toothless to Dawny to . . .

Darkness.

What?

Hiccup backtracked his vision until Dawny appeared again. Her silver eyes had regained that silver fire, and were looking at him with an intensity that made him want to shrink away. When he didn't, the UnderIce dragon blinked.

On impulse, Hiccup did the same.

His eyelids closed for a mere half-second, if even, yet still once he reopened them he was in a completely different world. A mangled-sounding cry emitted from his throat as he stumbled, miraculously freed from the magic that had bound him. Surprise made his heart leap in his throat, but as he looked around his mind calmed a bit.

He was in a misty place, with no definite ground or sky or horizon or anything, minus himself. Everything was this soothing off-whitish-gray color. When he cautiously took a step forward, it felt as if he was walking in a marsh, with the ground being unstable and squishy.

"I apologize for frightening you so."

Hiccup jumped as he heard the voice, sounding at ease with an echoey vibe. _"You mustn't worry so; time at the moment is not changing nor moving. You are safe here."_

From the mist came a very strange figure indeed; she had subdued blonde hair that curled into spirals, falling all the way down to her hips, with strange green highlights that looked unnervingly real. Her eyes were both a sunshine-yellow and an emerald-green, looking overall warm and passionate. Her complexion was utterly beautiful,

with perfectly fair skin and slim figure. She wore a green dress that reached her ankles, swaying with multiple layers. A golden choker necklace hung around her neck.

"You must be nervous," the young woman said with a soft voice.
"But please do not be. I am merely here to give guidance so you may save yourself and your friends."

"Where . . . are we?" Hiccup asked, looking around once again. It was the first question that had come to mind out of the millions swarming his thoughts.

The woman laughed lightly. _"That is of no concern,"_ she said, waving off the query. _"What you must be wondering is why the girl spoke of this 'light'."_

Hiccup blinked. "You mean Blizzard? She said something about 'use the light' but the only lights in the cave were the crystals."

"She meant the light that is not seen by your mortal eye. It is fascinating that she was even able to see such a thing in her dream! Who knew she could see it when she gave it to you . . ." the woman trailed off, staring with a dreamy expression into space, leaving Hiccup to gather his scattered - and confused - thoughts.

'I know I shouldn't have gotten you caught up in anything, and I shouldn't have entered your mind that one night, even if it was accidental . . .' _he thought, recalling what Blizzard had said before she started screaming. Apparently the time when she had entered his mind, which seemed was rather freaky, was connected to what this woman was saying to him.

"Can the light help defeat Shadow?"

A quiet, delicate-sounding chuckle. _"Oh yes, of course. The Shadowed One is from the depths of darkness, where the Light is from the rays of sun that shine down upon your world . . ."_ the woman gave a dreamy sigh. _"Your world has so many flaws, yet is so perfect. It is a wondrous experience."_

"How does this 'Light' work?" Hiccup prompted further, desperately hoping for answers to save his friends.

"Just trust in the same feeling the young girl had when she gave it to you. She treasures your friendship, and I would assume you are the same?" the woman's eyes drifted around as she spoke, but when she voiced the question her gaze was back on him. _"You may not trust what I speak. However, if you want to save your friends, then you must hurry before the Shadowed One brings the knife upon the stones on the altar. If he does, the haven of the underneath shall become your tomb."_

Hiccup shuddered, but before he could say anything else the woman's figure started fading. "Wait!" he cried, reaching out but ultimately falling flat on his face, tripping on some unknown object. "Wh . . . what?" he said breathlessly, not sure what he was asking about. Before he could even blink again, he took a sharp inhale and with a dull, pounding ache in his forehead he was back in the majestic Spirit Room underneath Depth Island.

He took a heaving breath and tensed up when he noticed Shadow was turned his way. The air around the dark creature was tinted darker, as if the crystals dimmed when he neared.

"You have been deemed worthy the presence of a spirit." everything in Shadow's tone was mocking and sarcastic. "I would be concerned if they could give you any _helpful_ information. However they are powerless to me now. I have defeated the girl, and the light within her." A cackle followed the sentence, but Hiccup had stopped listening after he said the word "light".

The light within her . . .

But the woman clad in green had said that this "light" had been given to him by Blizzard, presumably in a dream. Shadow had nearly killed Blizzard, and from what he just spoke gave the impression that he wanted to destroy the light, which he thought had just happened.

But it hadn't.

So this light really was the key to destroying Shadow.

However it worked.

"Just trust in the same feeling the young girl had when she gave it to you." the words the woman had spoken floated to the front of his mind as Hiccup looked down at the binding magic around his wrist. It was moving, which unnerved him, but in a lazy manner, as if Shadow had not bothered focusing his energy on keeping him captive. Said creature had turned back to the smoothly-carved stone altar, drawing out a knife from his cloak.

Hiccup took a deep breath in, still looking uncertainly at the dark magic.

But it was now or never.

The teen Viking twisted himself discreetly until his foot and prothetic were set against the wall, tensed up and ready to push off. He had never been exactly _strong,_ per se, since he had often been considered the most useless and weak of his entire village before Toothless had come along.

This was no time to be thinking of such things.

"Just trust in the same feeling the young girl had when she gave it to you."

"Just trust in the same feeling . . ."

Screwing his eyes shut in nervousness, Hiccup pushed off the wall with his feet (or foot and foot-like device) and shot himself forward towards the mirror shard lying on the ground, reflecting a bit of the crystals' light.

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Toothless's eyes widened when he saw Hiccup break free of the constricting magic, but what surprised him more was the strange light that was glowing in his green irises. It was not adrenaline, most

certainly not anything he had ever seen before in anyone's eyes; it seemed to send shock waves down the boy's limbs as he rocketed himself off the stony wall.

Dawny made a bird-like sound again, panic consuming it. The Night Fury had enough courage to look up at Shadow, who had just noticed what had happened and had blistering fury and hatred rolling off of him.

"No!" he hissed angrily, dropping a stone from his hand that fell to the floor with a loud _thunk._ "CURSED BOY!"

Hiccup had seemed utterly surprised himself that he got free of his bindings, but he made a clumsy dash for Blizzard's nevertheless. Toothless throated a noise encouragingly, eyes wide with hope. He didn't need to glance at Dawny to know that she was eyeing the boy with the same gleam in her gaze.

Blizzard was still out cold.

Just as Hiccup reached the mirror shard with that same whitish gleam in his eyes, Shadow floated over in rage. His hand held his own knife, which glinted dangerously as he growled, "That pathetic _girl_ is smarter than I anticipated, but also more foolish. Giving the Light to another that she doesn't wish to perish?" he laughed insanely. "THE GIRL IS WRONG!"

Shadow swiftly moved to Hiccup, preparing to strike down on his head with the knife, but Hiccup, panicking, ducked under his arm and raced over to the Night Fury. Said dragon looked up to him with relief, but the green-eyed boy was working too quickly to notice it.

The mirror shard glinted an interesting whitish-gold color, Toothless noticed, before it was brought down onto the strain of dark magic around him. A huge pressure that had rested on the dragon's chest was lifted, making him gasp with the feeling of freedom. It did not last long, because Shadow had appeared beside him and lashed out at the duo, his knife catching them both.

It snagged Hiccup's right arm, making a tiny hint of blood stain the green fabric of his shirt, while it scarred Toothless on the lower side of his face. He couldn't see it, but he felt the blood well up. Fury grew as well as his eyes narrowed, preparing to fire at Shadow.

Naturally the creature beat him to it.

"Don't. _Move,"_ Shadow hissed, and both Hiccup and Toothless froze when they saw Blizzard. The cloaked figure was grasping the back of her neck, holding her up, a knife pressed to her throat. Her eyelids fluttered, but otherwise she remained unconscious and silent.

"Or the girl dies," he added unnecessarily. Toothless growled, but otherwise didn't make any move to attack him. In his peripheral vision, he saw Dawny thrashing violently within her own dark binds, her eyes wild and desperate.

Hiccup narrowed his gaze at Shadow, who just laughed lowly.

"Now, you two _mortals,"_ he said, emphasizing the last word. "Give

me the Light, and the girl is yours. If you refuse . . ." the knife against the pale girl's throat dug a bit more into her skin to prove his point, causing a drop of blood to form on her neck. Blizzard's mouth parted slightly as she let out a shaky and hardly audible breath.

Toothless glanced despairingly at Hiccup, who mirrored his expression. Both were stuck; they had no way to attack Shadow or help Dawny without Blizzard paying the price.

Shadow chuckled darkly, as if he knew that they had no solution. "Drop the weapon, _boy,"_ he hissed. "And move towards the altar, unless you want her throat to be the same color as her hair." Dawny roared, seething fury, but she was still unable to get free. Frustration was beginning to get the better of the UnderIce dragon, and she lashed out more wildly, causing her energy to drain quickly.

Hiccup slowly set the mirror shard down. Toothless realized that the same unnerving gleam in his eyes was still there, but it seemed different than just a moment ago. He couldn't explain it, but . . .

"Move!" Shadow said in an unearthly voice. Toothless growled and crouched to the ground, tensed up, but he didn't go in to attack. Rather, he slinked after Hiccup towards the smoothly carved stone stairs, and the intimidating lone altar.

He hesitated going any closer when he smelt the familiar tang of salt, before quickly remembering that there was a hole leading out to the ocean . . .

Right behind the altar . . .

The infuriating grip of helplessness threatened to strangle the Night Fury. The escape was _right_ there, right in front of them!_ Yet they could do _nothing_ as long as Dawny was bound down and Blizzard had a knife to her throat.

They needed a plan. They needed to get Blizzard away from Shadow so they could go free Dawny and -

Thunk.

Toothless winced when he stepped straight on a hexagonal stone, smooth to the touch. It had a perfect oval-ish raindrop engraved on it, and it jogged his memory to remember that he had seen this stone before. It had been on the altar, along with several other stones with different engravings . . .

Of course, one of those stones had unleashed Shadow. Toothless felt quite a bit guilty when he realized that this was mostly his fault.

Yet he didn't dwell on it. Rather, he quickly scooped up the stone in his mouth, hiding it from Shadow's view. He could only hope that the dark creature hadn't seen his slight delay in pace, because otherwise the fragile web of a plan that was slowly forming in the Night Fury's head would be shattered . . .

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Hiccup felt despair gnawing at his chest as he shakily walked up to the altar, unsure of what Shadow was planning. The mirror shard lay, dejected, on the ground behind the cloaked figure who still held the unconscious Blizzard by the nape of her neck.

Toothless had stumbled a pace back, but he had not thought much of it; his own mind was quickly trying to come up with something that would get their blood redhead friend away from Shadow. That was all they needed for them to successfully get out of the tunnels.

Hiccup saw the small pool of water a short distance away from the altar, and faintly smelled the salt of the ocean. It reminded him of the same pool that he and Blizzard had used to enter the tunnels in the first place. That had felt like so long ago, yet it had maybe only been, what, a week, if even?

"Now, I want you to witness the destruction of your own world." Shadow's voice was smug, as he seemed pleased with himself. "This island is to be the last I shall overtake. But I _will_ take it over, and this underground safe haven is to be your tomb."_

_ Click._

Hiccup inhaled sharply as he stared at Shadow. Said creature was unbothered, and most likely didn't even notice. The words sparked a memory in the boy that seemed to, as strange as it sounded, make his eyes hurt. They felt as if he had not blinked for years. He did though, and again and again, hoping to rid the feeling.

It didn't work.

His eyes stinging, he missed Shadow floating up the stairs, Blizzard still in his grip. He missed Toothless's growl as Shadow neared the altar and the duo. He missed the blade taken away from Blizzard's throat and being pointed towards the stones on the altar.

Hiccup did _not_ miss Toothless's sound of preparing to fire.

When the sound first arrived at his ears, echoey and high-pitched, he was positive he was mistaken. Yet the sight of the Night Fury proved he was incorrect; Toothless was arching his neck and building up the blue-hot fire in his mouth. Shadow growled in annoyance, bringing his knife closer to Blizzard's throat again, but Toothless didn't give him the chance.

He fired.

A blue-and-white blaze shot in front of the brunette, and he felt its heat as it passed him by and headed for Shadow. It seemed to be a rock of some sort, and _how_ Toothless got or even wanted a rock in his mouth was beyond Hiccup. His surprise at the flame that was so close to him disintegrated when he heard a bone-rattling and nerve-wracking scream.

It wasn't from Dawny, it wasn't from Blizzard.

It was from Shadow.

The rock had hit him square in the chest. His dark cloak quickly caught the flames, making the dark aura around the creature die at the fiery light. The scream was never-ending and achingly painful to ears, so Hiccup clasped his hands over his own, grimacing. Toothless flinched as well, his floppy black ears twitching again and again at the noise. Blizzard, though still not awake, wore an expression of discomfort, while Hiccup didn't catch Dawny's face.

Soon, a distant roar was heard by the boy. Toothless noticed it as well, and realizing the unmistakably strong tang of salt in the air, nudged Hiccup with wide eyes. It took the teenage boy a minute to catch on, but when he did, his breath caught in his throat.

The tunnels were filling up.

To prove his words, a wave of water crashed into the cave. Dawny hummed with terror, making Hiccup see that she was still bound down by the magic and could not escape.

Shadow was slowly sinking to the ground. He let go of Blizzard, who fell to the ground in a disorderly heap. Her head lolled to the side, paler than pale, as she took another shallow breath.

"Toothless, get her out of here," Hiccup instructed. The black-scaled dragon blinked with another moment of panic before determination set in, and he spat fire at the still-burning figure - causing another shriek to penetrate the air - before gently lifting Blizzard up onto his back.

Meanwhile, the green-eyed boy had moved towards the mirror shard. Water was pouring in fast from the tunnel, and already it had reached his mid-calf. The crystals' light reflected on the water, making the cave brighter. Dawny's eyes were also mirroring the light, but they were filled with a hyperventilation. As Hiccup grabbed the mirror shard in his hand, he quickly moved towards the half-drowning dragon.

"Hold on," he said, before taking the mirror shard and slamming it down onto one of the magic binds. His eyes sparked with pain that trailed down to his arm, before all pouring into the mirror shard and making the dark magic break with a loud shattering noise.

Dawny stretched her iridescent-scaled wings in delight, her expression full of peace and joy, before realizing that the water had reached her stomach - and midway on Hiccup's thighs. This amiable phase faded as quick as it came, and she motioned for the boy to get on her back.

Hiccup was delighted to know that she trusted him, but as he climbed aboard her he did feel her tense up a bit. She, however, ignored the strange feeling of a person on her back and jumped towards Toothless and Blizzard near the altar. The Night Fury had lain Blizzard on his back, and her head was seated on the top of his own as her arms draped over his sides.

"Ready, bud?" Toothless's eyes gleamed in affirmation, before glancing at the stones on the altar. Hiccup did the same, and realized that they all had different carvings on them, symbolizing something different.

Except for one; one didn't have anything on it at all.

Toothless quickly jumped into the pool without a second thought. Dawny hesitated following, looking back at the rushing water and then up at Hiccup, who was looking at the half-drowned cloaked heap of Shadow, mirror shard clutched in his hand.

"Let's go, Dawny," he said, not taking his eyes off of the presumably dead villain. Dawny did as instructed; she neared the pool before inhaling and jumping inside, feeling Hiccup's hands grasping her neck.

Hiccup kept his eyes closed and didn't look back.

After a few blind moments he felt his air slowly seep out of him, and his lungs started aching for a fresh breath. Dawny was swimming with an alarming speed, he could tell, since the water rushed up in his face. The UnderIce dragon had been named correctly; she seemed to have plenty of air left.

He did not catch any notion of Toothless or Blizzard until they broke up to the surface. Coughing and spluttering, Hiccup looked around with bleary eyes, hoping to see the black-scaled dragon with a tousel of red hair.

He was let down.

"Toothless?" he called, before realizing where he was. Not too long of a distance away was Depth Island, and Dawny was slowly swimming towards it, keeping herself in the water and Hiccup out. He realized this with gratitude at her selflessness, and continued craning his neck for a sight of their friends.

"Blizzard?" he received the same answer; the sound of choppy waves. The sun was blocked out due to the thick air around, but it was obvious that it was daytime. What exact time was unknown.

A gust of wind made Hiccup shiver. The water had certainly been cold, but with the adrenaline beginning to fade he just now noticed it. Blizzard's signature mirror shard was clasped in his hand, and the edge had punctured his thumb, making a slow trail of blood trickle down his hand. He paid it no heed.

"Toothless!" as they neared Depth Island's shore, Hiccup raised his voice to call for him. The second Dawny had stepped onto land, he had almost literally thrown himself off and dashed up a few steps onto shore, looking around worriedly.

"TOOTHLESS!"

That familiar, heart-warming, relief-inducing roar answered.

Dawny perked her stiff ears up, eyes full of a pleasant attitude that made her eyes once again amazingly beautiful. She chirruped like a bird, before letting out a soothing hum. Her long tail swished in the water.

From around Depth Island came the bounding Night Fury. His eyes were wide and jovial, and he had a slumped Blizzard still on his back.

Whether she was unconscious or not was unknown to Hiccup, but he didn't really care at this moment.

They were alive.

Dawny trotted up to stand beside Hiccup, who had taken a few steps closer in the direction of Toothless but had let the dragon do most of the traveling. Now that everything was finally over . . .

That made him smile widely.

Everything was finally over.

They defeated Shadow.

And they were all alive!

When Toothless reached the other two, his scales were mostly dry from his swim in the ocean. How Blizzard had managed to cling on was unknown to Hiccup until he realized she was slowly stirring. Her eyelashes fluttered and her lips and fingers twitched. Dawny immediately went to her side, clicking a few times in her throat before humming again.

One pure, teardrop-colored eye slowly opened. Then another.

And then Blizzard vomited up mouthfuls of seawater.

She ducked to the side of Toothless so he wouldn't get all wet, but by the way the Night Fury was responding to her awakening Hiccup assumed that he wouldn't have cared either way. Dawny matched this ecstatic face, and lastly the brunette boy couldn't help but mirror it.

"Blizzard!" he cried out, patting her shoulder comfortingly when she finally took a huge gasping breath in. "You're alive!"

Violent coughs followed the convulsing, but the blood redhead blinked blearily at him and said in a croaky voice, "H-Hiccup?" she spluttered a few times before looking at the dragons. "D-Dawny? Toothless?" her voice soon became filled with relief as she slumped against the dragon she was on. "Oh, thank the world!" she threw her arms up to the sky. "What happened? Why're we on the surface?"

"Toothless defeated Shadow." The Night Fury straightened up at the praise. "He threw a flaming rock of some sort at him, and I guess the rock had some magic in it because it made him melt to the ground."

Blizzard blinked in disbelief. "Then why are we here and not down there?" she pointed a bony finger towards the ground.

"Water started rushing in," Hiccup explained. "We freed Dawny and then all got outta there. The whole tunnels must be underwater by now."

A overly guilty expression crossed Blizzard's face. Her cheeks lit up rosy pink, and she cast her gaze down. "I'm sorry," she finally said.

"Sorry?"

"Your sack was in there."

Realization dawned on him. The rucksack that held the ink-filled book that seemed to be in the far past, with a copy of the Book of Dragons, and with several other necessities (like food) was now floating around the tunnels. He had completely missed the fact that he had left it down there.

Hiccup sighed. "It wasn't too important," he finally said. "I wasn't able to get any more information out of it. Besides, meeting the real dragon is much better than a book." a smile formed on Blizzard's lips when she realized he was not angry, but she still looked sadly out into the ocean.

"Those tunnels were my home," she murmured softly. "I guess -"

A thunderous BOOM interrupted her. The foursome jumped. Dawny finally clicked, but still looked as confused as the rest until Blizzard gave an audible gasp.

"Depth Island!" she cried. "It's sinking!"

It was the truth. The shoreline had slowly started growing closer to them as the huge and towering mountain shook. Fear laced the four's feelings, but the most shaken was most likely a tie between Dawny and Blizzard. Dawny had been on the island longer, but Blizzard had thought of it as more of a home.

"We have to get out of here!" Hiccup shouted over the crumbling of the mountain. "Toothless -"

"Wait!" Blizzard interjected, her eyes bright with sadness. "I have a basket of fish buried near that mountain. We could take it somewhere at eat it."

The prospect of food appealed to everyone, and their stomachs voiced their own loud opinions. When Hiccup nodded, Blizzard led the group in a dash over to the side of the mountain, and as soon as they reached the soil ground, Blizzard fell to her hands and knees and began clawing at the dirt. Dawny was soon to assist, while Toothless and Hiccup watched from the sidelines, knowing that too many diggers would be a problem.

After a moment of the girls' search, Blizzard held up a grass-woven pack.

"Found 'em!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "I buried this just before you came, so it couldn't be that old."

Hiccup opened his mouth to give an optimistic reply, but was cut off by the island's rapid sinking. He gave Blizzard the look that said we need to leave and she just nodded, lowering her gaze.

"I'll miss this island," she murmured almost inaudibly. "It was my true home. I guess I'll just have to find another one."

Without another word, she climbed aboard Dawny with rather awkward

and clumsy movements. Hiccup did the same with Toothless, smiling at the familiarity. He quickly lodged his foot and prothetic into the gadgets, relieved to see that no equipment was broken (which was practically a miracle).

As Toothless took off with Dawny on his tail, Depth Island slowly sank lower and lower into the ground as the tunnels collapsed as well, until not even the tip of the mountain was visible under the ocean's choppy waves.

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_ "I am sorry that I spoke to the boy, but please note that everything has returned peacefully, and that the Spirit Stones are safely at the bottom of the ocean where no one shall ever find them."_

_ The leader spirit, Star, hummed thoughtfully as Leaf pleaded for her case. "You were told against it," Star finally spoke, "But considering that everything has turned out on positive notes such as these, you are pardoned."_

_ Leaf felt relief brush over her as she bowed deeply to Star, who was seated on his throne. "My sincerest thankfulness," she said softly before turning to leave._

_ "And Leaf?"_

_ The green-clad spirit stopped, before turning back to the eyes of her leader. "Yes?" she responded quietly._

_ Star had a small smile on his aged face. "You have proven yourself, despite your young age. Perhaps you should finally pay a true visit to the mortal world."_

_ Leaf gasped, her face still relatively unmoved. "This is truly meant?" she asked, gazing at the elder spirit. "I could return?"_

_ "Do not use words such as 'return'," Star chastised, and Leaf shrank back. "You have never been to the mortal world, so get it drilled into your head."_

_ "Of course." Leaf bowed again, but suddenly remembered a question she had. "But also; Star?" she asked delicately._

_ "Yes?"_

_ "How did the stone destroy the Shadowed One?"_

_ Star sighed. "The stones represent us, you know. The stars, the leaves, the wind, the earth, the clouds, and the ocean. The Ocean Stone had hit the Shadowed One, and its power unleashed. Perhaps it was because the girl was there as well . . ."_

_ Leaf looked mildly interested. "The Ocean Stone can respond to one other than a spirit?"_

_ "It is unknown."_

_ Leaf nodded, but refrained from biting her lip. Rather, she kept

her arms at her sides and asked another question; the question that had been haunting her ever since she had gotten to the Spirit Room._

_ "Star, if I may ask, what was the blank stone on the altar representing?"_

_ Star's eyes hardened. "You are not to ask," he snapped at her, shooting her a glare that made her want to fall to her knees and apologize. "The blank stone is one of the past, and it is never to be mentioned from you. Do you understand?"_

_ Trembling and keeping her gaze down, Leaf whispered, "Yes, I do."_

_ "Good. Then you are to continue with your job." Star's businesslike manner returned, masking the previous one. "Perhaps you can keep an eye on the girl and her friends. They may need a tree for fire to cook their mortal food, and I believe that the Light has transferred itself into the improper being. It may need your help to go to the right person."_

_ "The 'right person' meaning by what the girl's mind thinks?"_

_ "No, not the girl's mind. Our minds. Now go."_

_ As Leaf bowed and exited, she felt a twinge of pity for the girl. 'She shall not like that decision,' she thought to herself, and suddenly felt a rebellious streak spark within her, a rare feeling for a spirit that almost scared her._

_ 'But if she fights me, perhaps I will not fight back and give it to the person she wishes.'_

_ After a moment of silence, she murmured to herself, "Oh, what am I saying. Not 'person'. It's plural for her."_

18. Epilogue

****Disclaimer to HTTYD and characters (minus Blizzard and Dawny)****

****Here's the very last chapter of The Storm, the White, the Blizzard! Hope you enjoyed it and plz tell me what you thought about the overall plot! ;D****

****Mitti****

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Twenty-four hours passed.

Twenty-four hours from the time when Depth Island went to the bottom of the ocean, never to be seen again.

Twenty four hours after Shadow's death.

And, what were Hiccup, Toothless, Blizzard, and Dawny doing twenty-four hours later?

Sleeping.

On a nearby island that could hardly be called one due to its small size, the foursome had found a quaint little oak tree that looked half-dead already. Using that to their advantage, they cut it down (courtesy of Dawny's claws) and built a nicely-sized fire. The fish Blizzard had buried on Depth Island that had been wrapped up in a net were quickly taken out and cooked over the fire for the blood redhead and brunette, while the dragons ate their fish raw. It wasn't enough for a proper meal, but it curbed their hunger for the time being.

After the remains of their food was only bones, sleep became the top priority. Time had been unknown when down in the tunnels, but Hiccup knew they had most likely lacked on the required amount of sleep quite a bit. No one was arguing; rather, the sleeping formation that had occurred before took its action again. Dawny slept with Blizzard under her wing, while Toothless curled around Hiccup. The last one to fall asleep was, once again, Dawny, whose silver eyes pried the night fog for almost an hour, trying to sense anything suspicious.

Of course, nothing was, and soon even the UnderIce dozed off.

Their journey had been, to say the least, _exhausting,_ and even though Blizzard had occasionally stumbled awake due to her ribcage aching, she quickly fell asleep again, seeing that everyone else was. Unlike Hiccup, who might have tried to leave the first time he woke up, she didn't have any place to go, or any people to see. Her home had been destroyed, and although that grief made her limbs and chest heavy, she tried to pass it off as nonchalantly as she could.

Finally, though, after a full day and night of sleep, Hiccup and Toothless woke simultaneously, groggy and disoriented. Hiccup's eyes felt watery, and when he rubbed them with his hands both his arms and face felt numb, even stiff. Toothless opened his jaw and gave an enormous yawn, and Hiccup was quick to mimic. As he stumbled to stand up, the boy noticed Blizzard and Dawny still sleeping peacefully.

Dawny's curved wing had been extended for Blizzard to use as a blanket, and the blue-eyed girl had happily accepted it, burying herself up to her nose so only her closed eyes and red hair were visible. Dawny had obviously moved during the night, as anyone does, but her wing had stayed firmly in position so as not to wake Blizzard.

Toothless padded over to Dawny and nudged her with his nose. She grunted, twitching her ears, but otherwise remained unresponsive. The Night Fury puffed air out of his mouth in annoyance for her ignoring attitude, before gingerly prodding her with his paw. The white-scaled dragon took a sharp inhale, stretched her legs, and opened her eyes, a confirmation of her awakening.

Dawny's movement stirred Blizzard, who groaned and fully hid herself underneath the dragon's wing. When that wing was retracted to the just-awakening UnderIce, she was shown curled up in a ball on the sand.

"Blizzard," Hiccup said, walking over to her and nudging her with his hand. Her eyelids tightened, and she took a deep breath before muttering in response.

"Is everyone else up?"

"You're the last one," he informed her.

Two blue eyes opened. "Darn," she said, before moving to a sitting position and wincing. "Why am I the last one up again? I'm not _that_ big of a sleeper." she stood up, glancing around, before asking tentatively, ". . . so . . . what now?"

That was the question. "I need to go home," Hiccup said, looking around in the fog. "But I lost the directions out of here. So I'd saw we're lost."

Blizzard chuckled. "Yeah. Well, an island outside the fog shouldn't be too hard to find, right? I can tell you live in a sunny place, 'cuz your skin's gotten a bit lighter since the first time I saw you." self-consciously Hiccup glanced at his hand, but he couldn't tell a change in its complexion whatsoever. "I know where the fog ends the closest, d'you want me to take you there?"

"Yes please," Hiccup immediately said, thankful for the offer. "And, you know, if you want to stay on Berk with Toothless and I you're more than welcome to."

Blizzard turned away, giving a small laugh. "In case ya haven't noticed, I'm not too social," she pointed out, before sauntering over to Dawny and rubbing her head affectionately with her hand. "I think we'll focus on trying to find a new home. Is that okay with you?" she directed the question at Dawny, who clicked in response, and then turned to her green-eyed friend. "Okay with you?" she asked again, her voice quieter.

"Of course." Hiccup wasn't one to _force_ her onto Berk; it was obvious that she would much rather choose isolation than socialization. "But where do you think you'll go?"

Blizzard's hand slowly fell to her side, her expression subdued. "I dunno," she said finally, looking off at the surprisingly calm ocean. "I guess I'll find another island myself, one with just enough sunlight." she smiled. "But you should go to your home first. The air feels damp, and I think it's gonna rain." she climbed aboard Dawny with stiff movements, before looking expectantly at Hiccup. "Well? Let's head off right now!"

"Okay," Hiccup agreed, walking to the antsy-looking Toothless. After being cooped up in tunnels for days, he was ecstatic to be flying around again in the open air. "You lead the way."

"Erm . . ." Blizzard looked uncertainly at Dawny, who met her eyes evenly. "Can I just ask you to start flying?" she asked the dragon. "I have no clue how to get you into the air."

Dawny answered the question by tensing her muscles and skyrocketing into the fog above. Blizzard's shriek of surprise was _very_ audible as she quickly wrapped her arms around Dawny so as to not fall off. Toothless gave a snort of amusement before he followed suit of the

UnderIce's example, just with a less abrupt start. Hiccup quickly got into the pace of controlling his friend's tail-fin, and soon caught up with their two companions in the air.

"Are you okay?" Hiccup asked in amusement, seeing the combination of awe and terror etched on the blood redhead's face.

"I-I've never been up this high!" her voice squeaked a bit as she looked down. "You do this _every day?"_ When Hiccup nodded, Blizzard puffed her cheeks and slowly exhaled.

"I have a new respect for you and Toothless now," she said breathlessly as their dragons' wings beat up and down to stay in the air. The flight from Depth Island had been much lower to the ground, since they had been searching for an island to stay at. This time, though, while they were trying to get out of the fog, the higher the better.

"Anyways, let's go!" Blizzard said, shaking her head to clear it. "We head this way. And Dawny, _please_ go a little slower! I'm _really_ not in the mood to be getting thrown off of ya!"

If a dragon could smirk, then Dawny was smirking.

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Roughly one hour later the foursome was not even bored yet.

Of course they were headed towards the end of the seemingly never-ending fog, but while their quest continued boredom was slowly eroded away when Dawny kept whiplashing Blizzard, who was glaring daggers at the dragon. Since Hiccup knew that it was actually fun for even the pale girl, he decided to let them "fight" and watch as a spectator, Toothless agreeing with this choice.

So the two watched as Dawny shot up a fair distance higher. "DAWNY!" Blizzard cried, but the aforementioned dragon merely hummed with happiness before plunging down, down, down, down . . .

And into the water.

Toothless lowered himself a bit, eyes alert for any sign of the now-submerged duo. They continued flying in the same direction (whichever direction that _was_) and soon caught a glimpse of a white shape swimming rapidly in the water.

She burst through the surface.

"Are you okay?" the question had exited Hiccup's mouth more times than he cared to count. This was the second time Dawny had taken to going underwater, and the now-dark-haired girl was officially soaked.

"Fine," she snapped, but her voice held mirth and her eyes were sparkling. "Why doesn't Toothless do that to you? Dawny's been messing with me the whole time we've been flying!"

"I control his tail-fin, remember?" Hiccup pointed out. "If I didn't want him messing with me, he wouldn't be able to."

Toothless looked almost disappointed at that, and Blizzard laughed.

"Ah, this is just so much _fun!"_ she cheered, her previous grudge with Dawny evaporating like mist. "It's so nice to actually do something besides worrying!" she laid down on Dawny's back, closing her eyes. "D'you worry a lot on your island Berk?"

"Sometimes," Hiccup said, shrugging. "Mostly when a rogue dragon comes, or the devastating winter." The worst time of the winter season; when the blizzards (the snowy kind, not the girl) blew in for days and days.

"Ah," Blizzard said again, unmoving from her position. "It's also nice just to have _friends."_ she giggled, sitting up and opening her eyes. "I've never had friends before. Mainly 'cause I live on a deserted island . . . or _lived,_ I guess, since it's . . ." she shook her head, hiding her tears and forcing them back down. "Whatever."

Silence ensued. It seemed a bit awkward, but everyone just faced forward, looking to where the fog ended (however far away that was). In Hiccup's mind, Blizzard seemed to be getting over the fact that her entire _home island_ had sunk to the depths of the sea quite well, but even she had that soft spot that missed her familiar tunnels and mountain.

His mind then drifted from the battle with Shadow to dragons to Berk to, well, anything. Dawny had stopped irritating Blizzard, and had rather set her silver eyes straight in the direction they were headed, seeming unnervingly intent.

Intent on an _island_ that she sensed.

Blizzard gasped. "Hiccup! Look!" Hiccup jumped as she pointed ahead. "The fog's ending! And I think I see an island!" she said excitedly. "Is it your home? Is it Berk?"

Hiccup desperately tried to get a glimpse of what was on the island. Toothless had started flying faster, outpacing Dawny and leaving their friends behind in anticipation. A hopeful smile was etched onto the rider's face, but it disappeared when he burst from the fog and saw the island in full view.

It wasn't Berk.

Far from it, in fact.

The island was about twice the size of Depth Island (not including the mountain), so maybe about as big as Berk, with birch, maple, and spruce trees all around it. There was a steep ledge on one side, while on the opposite side of the island the ocean shore was a sandy beach. It looked completely untouched by any human or dragon.

By now Dawny had caught up with Toothless, since he was simply flapping his wings but not going forward. "That's not Berk, is it."

Hiccup shook his head, and Blizzard sighed. "Well, c'mon," she said, trying to lighten the mood. "Let's go land. We can eat there, and

from the looks of the sky . . ." she tilted her head up. "It's gonna be dark soon. Fish'll be harder to catch."

Realizing that the sun was setting, Hiccup and Toothless reluctantly followed Dawny and Blizzard, who were already making a beeline for a landing. By the time all four of them had a firm footing on the ground, just at the edge of the forest and near the steep cliff, the blood redhead was mesmerized.

"This forest is so huge!" she said, blue eyes wide with admiration. "I never thought I'd see a forest like this in my entire _life!_" a grin plastered to her face, she began looking at every little detail around them. When she turned to Hiccup though, her smile faded a little bit.

"Aw, cheer'up," she said, patting his shoulder. "We'll find your home island. But we also need to eat. Your island's not going anywhere and you've been gone for 'bout a week anyway. What's another day?" When Hiccup gave her a small smile and a nod, she continued. "Besides, since we slept for quite a while on that other small island, we won't need sleep tonight. We can search in the dark, and seeing the light of a village will be easier to spot."

He couldn't argue with her reasoning, so he let her lead the way over to the part of the ledge that was less steep than the very peak. She peered down at the choppy waves, shuddered, and then turned to Hiccup.

"Dawny and I can catch some fish," she offered. "Would'ja like to watch?"

Hiccup blinked, brows furrowing. "Sure," he said, but he wondered why she had bothered asking. Maybe it was because Toothless and he didn't have anything better to do.

"Awesome!" still in a happy-go-lucky mood, she called to Dawny and climbed aboard her. "Watch this; it's so much fun!"

As Dawny dived into the waters below, Hiccup wondered to himself why he was suddenly feeling those aching pangs of homesickness. Blizzard was right; he had been gone for long enough that most likely a quick break to catch some fish wouldn't matter. Besides, everyone would be angry whether or not he arrived now versus a few hours later.

A splash down in the ocean brought Hiccup back from his thoughts. Both girls were submerged in the water, with Dawny swimming at an incredibly fast speed. Blizzard, who was lying on the white-scaled dragon's back, had tensed before she let go of the dragon and slid off her back. Dawny did not stop swimming forward.

The pale girl's face came above water, smiled at Hiccup and Toothless, before she took a big breath in and sunk under again. This time, she swam downwards, kicking her bare feet hard to propel herself faster. Hiccup shared a look with his friend on shore; neither knew what in the name of Thor they were doing.

Just as Blizzard swam too low to be seen, Dawny had swerved around in the water and dived down as well, shooting herself in the direction of her blood redhead rider. Interest sparked at the brunette boy; they seemed awfully confident, when their plan looked like it could

never fit.

A minute passed. Then another.

"What do you think they're doing, bud?" Hiccup asked, glancing over the cliffside. Toothless throated a rather concerned noise, obviously wondering the same thing. Just as the Night Fury was prepared to launch himself into the water to search for their possibly-drowned friends, a foggy white figure appeared from the depths.

"Well, at least they're alive," Hiccup sighed in relief. "But why were they down there so long?"

As Dawny started swimming upwards so they could see her clearer, farther out Blizzard appeared as well. Her pale hands were easily spotted, and they were grasping something . . .

The net!

The same net that held the fish on Depth Island was now being used by Blizzard and Dawny. Hiccup hadn't even known that they had taken the ragged brown net with them, but had to admit it was clever planning on their part. He could see the shining backs of a few fish that had fallen into the now-rising trap.

In-between the silver-eyed dragon's teeth was a corner of the net, while her companion had the opposite end. Both were rapidly yanking upwards so that the fish caught couldn't escape, and soon the duo had swam over to another corner of the net and officially trapped some of the fish.

Their faces rose above the water. A mouthful of water was spluttered back into the ocean by Blizzard, and she coughed and hacked a few times before looking up at the ledge.

"How was that?" she shouted, holding up the net.

"Great!" Hiccup responded as Toothless jumped down into the water as well. He swam over to the middle of the net and grabbed it with his teeth so he could help drag it in.

"Thanks, Toothless!" Blizzard said, and Dawny hummed in agreement. Before long the three had brought the net with several squirming fish inside up on the ledge, courtesy of the UnderIce and Night Fury's ability to fly (Toothless could fly a few feet upwards without Hiccup). Blizzard quickly climbed off of Dawny's back.

"How many fish d'ya want?" she asked, opening up the net and spitting up a bit more of the salty water. "Ugh," she muttered. "I really need to practice holding my breath underwater. I was choking to death."

Hiccup smiled at his friend's sarcasm, before he and Toothless started collecting twigs from the nearby forest and making a fire. They roasted (or ate raw) a fish for each of them, since with the lack of food they couldn't eat too much right away anyways, and Blizzard threw back three more fish.

When their meal was finished, the sun had officially set and the stars were coming in. Blizzard was fascinated with the sky, since she

rarely saw it on Depth Island, and kept tracing invisible lines to connect the stars even as the foursome began looking for Berk. Her relaxed attitude seemed to make any tension or worry dissolve between them, since whenever there was silence she filled it in with nonsense rambling. Who knew that the antisocial, paranoid, isolated island girl that attacked Hiccup when they first met could actually make a conversation entirely out of what was around them.

One hour passed. Then another.

But three time's the charm, as the saying goes.

As Hiccup was starting to nod off a bit, Blizzard suddenly gasped and cried out, "I see light! Hiccup, look!"

He snapped his head up as his green eyes frantically searched the horizon. True to the pale girl's word, a small speck of light was seen up ahead. A smile broke out on his face as Toothless throated an ecstatic noise.

"Let's go check and see if it's Berk," his friend suggested, and the two dragons complied with a rather attitude. Hiccup was so excited to see his friends again that he hardly noticed Blizzard abruptly drop her talking and rather hug her knees to her chest. The carefree, jovial aura that had been around her for hours had quickly dissipated.

Hiccup craned his neck to look for any sign that it was his home island, and was all too happy to see the tallest part of Berk.

Raven Point.

It reminded him vaguely of Depth Island's mountain, except that the latter had been steeper. He shouted in joy, Toothless doing a loop in the air to prove his ecstasy. As the two glanced over at their traveling companions, however, they were greeted with the opposite of happy.

Dawny didn't seem as if she would care either way, but she had been slowing carefully as she looked up at her rider's innocently fearful expression. Blizzard had hidden the bottom half of her face between her knees as her wide blue eyes stared at the many houses on Berk, but when she noticed Hiccup and Toothless watching her she quickly moved to sit cross-legged.

"What's wrong?" Hiccup asked, and Blizzard's face flushed in embarrassment. She opened her mouth to respond, then closed it as she wrung her hands nervously. "I . . ." she started, looking at the fires on Berk. "I'm . . . not too comfortable around people," she said quietly.

Hiccup didn't exactly know how to respond, but Toothless did. He made a purr-like noise to Dawny, who squeaked in response. The two dragons went against the control of their riders and rather veered away from the village and more closer to Raven Point.

"Toothless, where are we going?" Hiccup asked, noticing Blizzard's now purely terrified expression. A glint next to her made him realize she had been holding onto her mirror shard that Hiccup had given her back. Her hand was tense and tightened, and a stream of blood fell

down from her palm. Wherever the dragons were taking them, Hiccup hoped it wouldn't make Blizzard meet any people (because who knows what she would do then; she attacked Hiccup when she first met him).

But Toothless didn't do that.

Rather, he brought them to the Cove.

The same place Toothless and Hiccup met was right before them as the Night Fury and UnderIce landed in the darkness. The small pond was visible since it reflected the starlight, and the whole place looked nothing less than beautiful. Blizzard cautiously got off of Dawny and looked around at the scenery before turning to Hiccup.

"I think I want to go back to that one island we found," she murmured quietly, keeping her gaze glued to the ground.

"What?" Hiccup asked in half-disbelief, but he knew it was expected. She had never been comfortable around people, and that would most likely not change.

"It's so pretty," she sighed. "It has a nice forest, and it probably has a freshwater stream like Depth Island had. I dunno if you ever saw it. It came from the big mountain." two blue eyes trailed to meet Dawny's, then Toothless's, then Hiccup's. "Dawny and I could stay there," she said with a hopeful tone. "It would be just like before, except I could experience sunsets and sunrises and the stars . . ." she trailed off, looking at the starry water.

"It's okay, I understand," Hiccup said, and Blizzard smiled softly.

"Thanks." she then glanced at Dawny. "If you want, you can tell your friends 'bout 'the UnderIce dragon', but please don't give me away." her voice was pleading. "If you must, say that you gave the UnderIce dragon away to a girl named . . ."

"Blizzard?"

"No," she quickly rejected. "Um . . . say her name was Twig."

Hiccup's brow furrowed. "Why can't I say your name?"

"I don't want anyone finding me." this was probably just paranoia speaking, but Hiccup nodded and agreed to go along. "And if you could, don't give Dawny's name away either. Just say her name was 'Frost' or something."

"Half of her real name is Frost," Hiccup pointed out.

"But I normally just say 'Dawny'!" Blizzard countered, rubbing the UnderIce's head affectionately with her non-bloody hand. "I'm sorry if I sound stupid," she said, smiling half-heartedly. "But I really don't want anyone to know about me. I'll just be a quiet inhabiter of Shady Isle."

Hiccup blinked. "S-Shady what?"

Blizzard looked at him proudly. "Shady Isle," she repeated. "It's what I'm gonna call that island we stayed at. Don't really know why."

She hesitated speaking for a moment, before rushing up to Hiccup and enveloping him in a tight hug, arms around his neck. "Thanks for being my friend," she said gratefully. "Now Shadow's dead and I've got a new home for a fresh start."

Hiccup hugged her back. "You're welcome."

When she let go, her hand accidentally whipped upwards, causing her mirror shard to nick Hiccup right in the chin. He winced and she gasped, placing the shard in her mouth and taking his face in her hands. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" she apologized, before gently wiping the blood away with her thumb. She then narrowed her eyes and peered at the mark. "Have you been scraped there before?" she mumbled, before letting go of his face and taking the sharp object out of her mouth. "It looks like you already had a scar exactly where I cut you. How ironic."

"I don't know," Hiccup admitted. "I don't remember being cut there. Oh well, no harm done." he gave her a reassuring look, as if to say it wasn't bad (which it wasn't).

Blizzard smiled at him and Toothless, who had walked up to Hiccup's side when he got the cut. "Maybe I'll see you guys again someday," she said brightly as she climbed aboard Dawny, who clicked at Toothless in farewell. "Hopefully. Bye!"

"Bye, Blizzard!" Hiccup called as Dawny sprung up in the air, his voice followed by Toothless's roar. Blizzard threw her arms up in the air before shouting back;

"I promise I won't attack you the next time I see you!"

And with the quick blinding reflection of a mirror shard, the two new friends of Hiccup and Toothless disappeared into the night.

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Blizzard smiled softly to herself as Dawny flew back towards Shady Isle. "You know what, Dawny?" she wondered aloud, glancing back at the quickly-fading outline of Berk. "I wanna take back what I said. It won't be a 'maybe I'll see you again someday'.

"We're definitely gonna see 'em again."

She tried to hold it in, since she knew this should be a happy occasion that all the peril was gone, but she couldn't help a few crystalline tears from falling down her pale face, the small smile on her lips never fading as she and Dawny, as blood redhead and white-scaled dragon, rode to begin their new life on Shady Isle.

_Someday . . . _

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Hiccup walked side-by-side with Toothless as they entered the village

of Berk. They saw no one around, and that was understandable at this hour, but the duo still felt as if they were being watched. Toothless's ears kept twitching uncontrollably.

Despite the nervousness, Hiccup was glad to be back. He knew that he could never really tell anyone the entire truth, since Blizzard had practically begged him to tell no one of her existence. Still, it would probably all be behind everyone, minus the buzz about a new dragon species.

Both jumped when a Nadder jumped straight out in front of them, pupils in slits. Toothless growled for a moment in caution, before his eyes opened wide and he bounded over to the dragon, sniffing her.

"Stormfly?" Hiccup then realized they were close to where Astrid lived. "What are you doing up?"

"I should ask you the same thing."

Hiccup froze when he heard the familiar voice behind him. Toothless smiled his tooth-less smile, the signature move from which he got his name, and rushed over to the person behind him. Hiccup turned around.

And then he got punched in the side. _Hard._

"Aah!" he gasped, keeling over and clutching his ribcage as Astrid stood above him, sky-blue eyes blazing. He opened his mouth to say something before she interrupted.

"Where were you?" she said harshly. "You've been gone for _eight days!_" as Hiccup slowly stood upright. "We've been searching all over!"

"I know, and I'm sorry," Hiccup said, about to continue until Astrid once again cut him off.

"'Sorry' isn't good enough! Everyone was _so worried!_" her tone was now a mix of anger (obviously), worry and . . . relief? "We've been sending out search parties to try and find you. A few ships are still out there!"

Guilt gnawed at Hiccup's stomach. "But I found what I was looking for," he pointed out. "Astrid, I found an UnderIce dragon!"

Astrid gave him a deadpan look. "You could've told us where you were going!" she pointed out. "You and Toothless just disappeared one night without a trace!"

Hiccup nodded bashfully. "But we're back now," he said as a pathetic excuse, making Astrid roll her eyes. "Besides, we've found out a lot about the UnderIce dragon, right bud?" Toothless looked up with big green eyes in agreement.

Astrid sighed, before looking at Hiccup's eyes and frowning. "What's in your eyes?" she asked, stepping closer to get a better look.

Hiccup blinked. "I dunno. What do you see?" he stretched his eyes

open to let her see.

She shrugged. "They just look . . . shiny, I guess." shaking her head, she looked in the direction of Hiccup and Stoick's house. "How are you going to explain to your dad where you went?"

Hiccup groaned. "I've been avoiding the subject," he admitted, getting a small smile out of his blonde friend. "But I'll have to face him eventually."

Astrid nodded, before asking. "So . . . what about this UnderIce?"

Hiccup felt relief crash down on him. Astrid, thank gods, wasn't going to hold a grudge (for too long, anyway). "Her name's Frost, and she's got almost iridescent scales with big silver eyes. She's quite a bit like Toothless, but she makes sounds like squeaks, clicks, hums and chirps."

"Is she on Berk?"

Hiccup knew she was going to ask that. "No. Frost's on a different island with her own rider. They were friends before I went there."

"What island?"

"Just a random one. Not too many people lived there anyway. Frost's rider's name was Twig . . ."

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****Wow.****

****Just wow.****

****Okay, I can't believe I've actually finished my story! IEEEE! I've been planning on redoing this story chapter by chapter (you know, just looking it over, fixing things, making it better, etc.) but for now I'm just happy I got the whole story out here.****

****The Storm, the White, the Blizzard, folks, written by yours truly!****

****PS - what do you guys say to a sequel, happening after the second movie? Naturally our good friends Dawny and Blizzard would return, but they'd be just a ****_**tad**_**** different ;). Well, they would be 5 years older.****

****So just tell me what'cha think!****

****Thanks to everyone~****

****MidnightKitti22****

End
file.